

The TATLER

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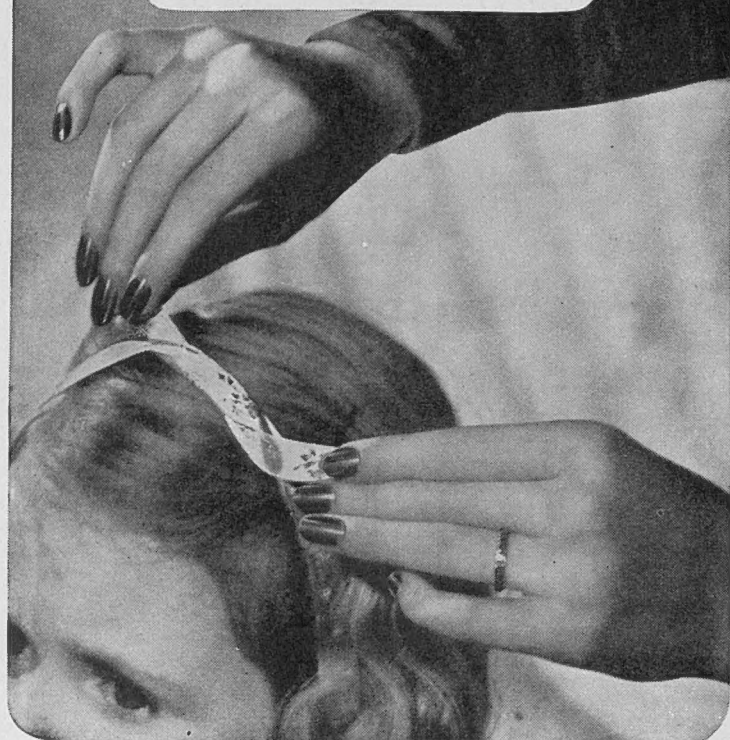
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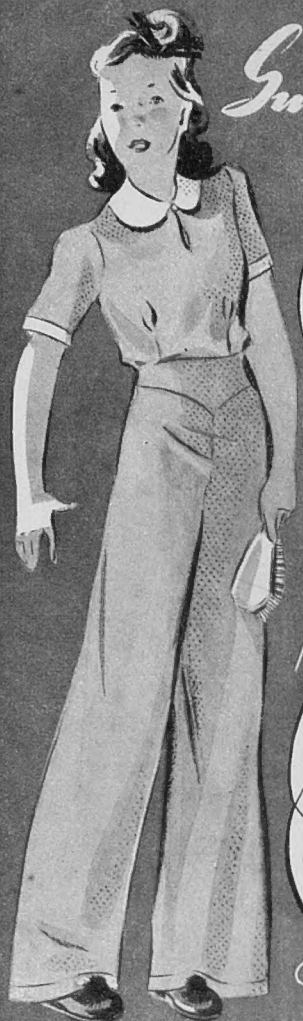
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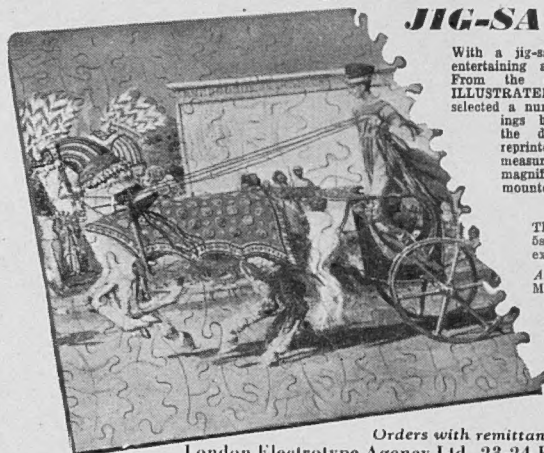
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THE HON. MARY COKE—WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Lord and Lady Coke's younger daughter to Mr. Thomas Cockayne Harvey, Scots Guards, was announced on March 15. The Earl of Leicester and Lord Coke are also Scots Guards, and so is Captain the Hon. Thomas Coke, Lord Coke's elder son and heir, so there is a definite regimental savour about this engagement. The bridegroom-elect is the younger son of the late Colonel John Harvey and of Mrs. Harvey, of Ringsteadbury, Norfolk

And the World Said—



Hay Wrightson

MISS BARBARA LYTTTELTON

The only daughter of Commander Stephen Clive Lyttelton, R.N., and of Mrs. Bucknill, his first wife. Miss Lyttelton was one of the pretty Maids of Honour at the recent Queen Charlotte's Ball, at Grosvenor House. Commander Lyttelton is a kinsman of Lord Cobham

OWING to the exigencies of Easter press dates a considerable time lapses between the writing and the reading of these pages, so you must overlook any staleness on the social side, and allow me to skip those political prognostications which occupy us all during our war of words without deeds. H.B.M.'s Government still seems to think it can escape unpleasant realities by saying the same aims over and over like Coué, meanwhile distracting the populace with War Loans, and the maze of bureaucratic measures and counter-measures which camouflage the fact that the Allies have allowed the initiative to be taken by others, not only by Germany but by the German-fearing Scandinavians, and the Italians, whose foreign policy has proved as sharp as a stiletto. Did you see that Italy has struck her Jewish lawyers off their register? I suppose we shall give them the Big Hullo. After adjudicating so fairly between Arabs and Jews in Palestine, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald may find himself briefed by the

MR. "KIM" MUIR AND MISS
URSULA KENYON-SLANEY

A dining-out snapshot, one evening in town. Mr. I. K. Muir, who is in a famous cavalry regiment, is a first-class gentleman rider, and his horses are in great form at the moment. He has Away in the Grand National (April 5). His father, the late Mr. Willie Muir, was killed out hunting when Master of the Cotswold, and when in India, used to own a few hunter-class jumpers. Miss Kenyon-Slaney is a kinswoman of Lord Kenyon

aborigines of these islands who, when meeting up with fellow Aryans in Oxford Street, feel like Dr. Livingstone, I presume.

* * *

One of the happiest international gatherings in recent weeks was at

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS
OF DENMARK AND THEIR CHILDREN

This is the first photograph taken of the recently arrived (February 16) little Prince Knud and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who will be five in May. H.R.H. Prince Frederik married the Princess Ingrid of Sweden in 1935

Lord and Lady Dunedin's, where the talk is always good, and the cocktail excellent. Invented by the hostess, the chief ingredient is Bacardi rum. Its fame spread further when one of their actor friends, instead of sticking to his line "Thanks, I'll have a Martini," gagged "I'll have a Dunedin." The guest of honour was Professor Charles Sarolea who is going to Italy, Yugo-Slavia and Greece to lecture for the British Council—another wise move by Lord Lloyd because this Belgian intellectual is known and liked in the countries concerned. Incidentally he was Jean Dunedin's first editor, on *Everyman*, back in the other world war. Lord Dunedin, who is learning German with great pertinacity, was conversing with Mrs. Manley who gives him lessons. Others there were Lord Tyrell, the Lutoslowskis of Poland, the Donough O'Briens (Ireland and Egypt), Sir Thomas and Lady Moore, the Greek Minister, the Yugo-Slav Chargé d'Affaires, Prince and Princess Vladimir Galitzine, the Gripenbergs (to whose fund Professor Sarolea gave the proceeds of five hundred copies of his book on Nurse Cavell), Lady Struthers, Mr. Seymour Howard, Mrs. Graham Murray and Sir Stuart Duke Elder the King's comparatively youthful (forty-one) surgeon-oculist, whose Dundee voice is as fruity as his opinions are robustly original. Sir Stuart was one of

many *medicos* who volunteered to "do anything" when war broke out. Kept hanging about uselessly, he became depressed and, I am told by a mutual friend, "spoke his mind" with that Scottish vigour which English bureaucrats consider such bad form. Anyway he returned to circulation. My own doctor thinks himself one of the lucky ones because he stayed in London, and although many of his patients retired to supposedly safe areas, new ones filled in. The distribution of medical man power was one huge muddle. At Munich-time my doctor and the doctor next door to him received forms asking their intentions in the event of war. They replied offering part-time service for casualties in London FREE, and explained they would interchange hours so that while one was out on air raid work, the other would be standing by the private patients of both. Nothing happened. Then on September 1 they each got the same form again! Meanwhile those who had said they would throw their practices up altogether—in other words, run out on their patients—were allotted salaried jobs all over the country which they took up when war was declared. So far the laugh is on them, because their salaries fall short of what they would have earned by seeing it through, but the bitterness and criticism in the profession is sufficient to supply Dr. Cronin with another "Citadel."

In Cronin's country, and mine, the feeling is divided. As Linklater said of Robert the Bruce's Scotland, this people has "a genius for disunion." The Far North calls itself the Front, and is delighted with the fuss attaching to permits, but some think it ridiculous to be obliged to crave official permission to return to their ancestral homes. I hear that Lady Scott, who wished to open her house, Glenaros, in Mull, for her son's leave, was held up in Norfolk because she forgot it takes eleven days to get a permit. Why not twelve? The Highlanders are tickled with the situation because it implies that something even more exciting than an American shooting tenant may blow in. Fishing is



OUT IN TOWN

Mr. F. H. Hunt and Miss Veronica Harrison at the Café de Paris. Miss Harrison is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison and a sister of Lady Lewes. Major Harrison is a great figure in that polo world which now seems such a very long way behind us



LADY NEWBOROUGH AND HER DAUGHTER BLANCHENEIGE

The younger lady's name is what we should call "Snow White," and the picture was taken shortly after Lady Newborough and her baby had arrived by air from Paris. Lady Newborough is a Hungarian and was, before her marriage in 1939, Miss Deniza Braun



THE CHRISTENING OF SIR JOHN AND LADY PRISCILLA AIRD'S SON

His Majesty the King, for whom the Earl of Ancaster stood proxy, was a godfather to the baby who was christened at the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park, and given the names George John. The other godparents were General Lord Gort, for whom his son the Hon. Charles Vereker stood proxy, Miss G. Aird and Miss Pamela Schreiber. Left to right in the picture are The Earl of Ancaster, Lady Priscilla Aird and the son and heir, Colonel Sir John Aird and the Hon. Charles Vereker

uncensored. Helmsdale and Naver have done better to date than the Dee and the Tay. The Dee is so over-fished that an angler has been known to catch a colleague's tackle instead of a salmon. Turning to handicrafts, we find over-stocked depôts with such piles of comforts and hospital supplies that work parties are easing off. In Fife these weekly gatherings under the patronage of exalted personages have a pompous atmosphere, with white uniforms *de rigueur*. But in Perthshire workers relax over the traditional cup of kindness (tea, not whisky, I add in case Lady Astor is looking). Mrs. Tennant at Doune Lodge and Lady Muir of Blair Drummond preside over big gatherings by turn, dividing the results between the Perth Depot, the Finns, the Polish refugees, and the Turkish earthquake victims. What next? Villages turned into training centres present a lively picture, so far neglected by the newsreels. The baronial keep becomes a dormitory, and the local sweetie shop is packed with "Sandies" buying "strippet baas" (bulls-eyes to you). Without giving anything away to Adolf, I can say that the Argylls are being trained among the Campbells by the bonny braes of Doune, which is as it should be. Mrs. Alistair Campbell (born Emmott and not to be confused with her London namesake, whose skier son "Freddie" is in the R.A.F.) commutes between Red Cross classes and the A. & S. Comforts Depot in Stirling, which was visited by the Duchess of Kent, one of whose great friends is Mrs. James Campbell, *née* Galitzine. The Scottish capital continues to be extremely animated with soldiers, sailors and airmen at work (and play) plus the women's organizations. Lady Elgin, Lady Ruth Balfour, Lady Elphinstone and Mrs. Stirling of Keir are among the busiest of the leaders, going from one centre to another by train. Hardly any one can run a car now. Lady Muir is constantly in and out of Glasgow for meetings, and Lady MacGregor of MacGregor can direct the Scottish section of the Women's Land Army from Edinchip, because she gets extra petrol as her activities necessitate visiting outlying farms and cottages. All very worthy. The evacuee problem has subsided for the time being, but hostesses in big and small dwellings do not view the new scheme with the faintest approval; nevertheless, they are prepared to muddle through heroically all over again. Regimental sherry parties, bridge tournaments to raise wool money and jumble sales for cash for V.A.D.'s uniforms are characteristic social gatherings

And the World

Saïd—*continued*

in Scotland today. The scheme by which private gardens are opened in rotation for a good cause will not be abandoned. This has been a popular institution for years, and it is felt that neighbours' carrots and cabbages should be viewed if only for the sake of friendly criticism. Most mansion houses are prepared for casualties at any moment, but few have had their peace seriously disturbed. Military victims of influenza, jaundice, measles and minor ills are being treated at Keir by an all-star nursing staff under the *châtelaine commandant* whose son, Peter, now third secretary at Cairo, says the Eastern metropolis has never been gayer. That witty pocket Venus, Lady (Jacqueline) Lampson ("Jack the Giant-killer") continues to play Hostess No. 1 to perfection. Cairo considers itself no less in the front line than Inverness. This front-line complex is quite amusing—provided you were not in the siege of Warsaw, or on the Mannerheim Line. To those who were it must seem beneath contempt.

Brighton on the real front is in an appropriate state of excitement as All Fools' Day and the opening of Jack Buchanan's new revue *Top Hat and Tails* approach together. The latter will play at the Imperial Theatre which Jack built on North Street off Old Steine. This is positively the first time he and Elsie Randolph have appeared in a revue together. Their previous joint successes were always in musical comedy. The book has been written by Duggie Furber & Co. during the last fortnight; rehearsals began before the material was on paper, which, as every one who knows anything about these things will confirm, makes a smash hit almost inevitable. The proof is that when Alexander Korda & Co. talk big about a picture for months and years beforehand, it rarely appears at all. A film called *Mein Kampf* is to be made here by Max Faber, with the assistance of a Czech refugee director, Jiri Weiss, who was introduced to the London Press at the Savoy by the Scotch-voiced agent, R. Murray-Leslie, who is to have another hand in the production. They are going to make a historical record of the last twenty years in Germany, with Hitler and his hierarchy as featured players. This should prove an absorbingly depressing entertainment. A



Frank O'Brien

LADY ADARE AND HER SON THADY

Lord and Lady Adare's only son arrived on the scene last year and this picture was taken at the family abode in Limerick. Lord Adare is the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir and a regimental polo celebrity of former days. Lady Adare is an American and was formerly Miss Nancy Guille and was married in 1934. Before this war came upon us Lord Adare was a prominent breeder of bloodstock in Ireland, but how things are now—who knows?



A PARTY OF THREE AT SUNNINGDALE

The hostess was Lady Castlerosse, who is on the right of the picture, and the other two are the Princess Hélène Yourievitch and Prince Charles D'Arenberg, who is the elder son of Prince Peter D'Arenberg

gay Sunday night entertainment was tremendously appreciated by a certain R.A.F. station. The donors were the ever-adorable Delysia, Duggie Byng, Martyn Greene and Clifford Mollison from Cochran's revue, Gaston Palmer (who, not finding room for his sleight-of-hand on the stage, fooled 'em at eye level), and Lorraine La Fosse, the singer from that tuneful, ill-fated show *Countess Maritza*. When it came to "Little Sir Echo," she enlisted the voice of Squadron Leader Lord Bandon, whose success in this duet was loudly applauded by officers and aircraftmen. He is a great favourite, as is Squadron Leader Pryde, whose initials, G.A.M., have inevitably led to the nickname "Gamp." He was dispensing hospitality in liberal style to grateful guests, and enjoying an outsize *Meerschaum* himself. This station is particularly fortunate in its adjutant, Squadron Leader Pearce Gervis, who puts in a lot of staff work on entertainments. As they are miles from anywhere every laugh helps. A romance in the unit led to a marriage a few days ago between Squadron Leader S. R. Green and Assistant Section Officer Oram of the W.A.A.F.s. Fun, games and wedding bells make an idyllic picture, but believe me, there was nothing cissy about the scramble for Tom Webster's drawings on Delysia night, when the sporting cartoonist made lightning sketches of champions of the last twenty years. Returning to London from Nowhere in England, I saw Lady Jersey in the Ritz in a tight Indian turban of bright floral silk—most alluring. Lady Veronica Hornby's huge floppy pastel green felt with a black dress was another fashion. Lady Cunard with M. Corbin; one of the millionaire Patino sisters from Bolivia, with her husband from the French Embassy; and Sir Eric Phipps, contributed a diplomatic atmosphere. Also eating—Lord and Lady Monsell, Mrs. Ronnie Senior and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, whose husband tried harder than any man to get a move on to Finland before the always tragic words "too late" were said in *requiem* by Lloyd George. A great many things have been said for and against Mr. Lloyd George in the last fifty odd years, but it is becoming increasingly evident that what the Government lacks, and the country yearns for, is a dash of that Celtic fire and vision, without which we seem unable to prosper. We have the arms, but where is the man?

A BUMPER GALLERY AT



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CAPTAIN ANTHONY HEAD AND LADY DOROTHY HEAD

THE WINDSOR 'CHASES



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AND MR. TIM TUFNELL



MISS PEGGY HAMILTON
AND MR. A. V. WELLESLEY

It is reliably reported that Windsor has never been so crowded before in the whole course of its history and as this *lebensraum* is not exactly unlimited it can be assumed that there was a bit of a squash. The soldiery as will be observed were in very strong force and the majority were either Household Cavalry or Foot Guards as might only be expected seeing that it was Windsor. Principal attraction a bunch of National horses out in the Burnham Beeches 'Chase, but after Bogskar and Black Hawk came down the result interested very few people. Carriganore was a good friend to the books. Lady Dorothy Head seen with her husband is Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's elder daughter and Mr. A. V. Wellesley, Lord Gerald Wellesley's son, is also there and his sister Elizabeth married another one, Mr. Thomas Clyde (Blues). The Hon. Nefertari Bethell in the same picture as the Marchioness of Cambridge is Lord Westbury's only sister, and Lady Moyra Butler in another group is Lord and Lady Lanesborough's younger daughter and a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

In and Out of Bilgewater

SOMEWHERE I wrote the other day: "A film magnate once invited me to luncheon with the ulterior motive—he frankly admitted it—of getting my views about a proposed screening of 'Westward Ho!' Still more frankly, would I tell him what the book was about? I went to lunch, and throughout the entire meal my advice was not asked about anything, and there was no reference to Kingsley. Instead I was asked to marvel at a wonderful story of passion among the Scottish heather. I gathered that the high spot of the new film was to be a scene in which Bonnie Prince Charlie made love to Annie Laurie during the massacre of Glencoe." In my mail this morning was a letter from a young person saying that she specializes in Scottish rôles, and can she have a part in the new film?

Utterly and completely weary of the scenery between Swiss Cottage and the Café Royal, and utterly and completely bored by the landscape between the Café Royal and Swiss Cottage, I decided some ten days ago that I would indulge in a weekend rest-cure. But where? The question was easily answered. The essence of a rest-cure is *rest*, which connotes dullness. Now the dullest place in England I already knew by hearsay to be Bilgewater, and therefore for the purposes of repair it was to Bilgewater that I repaired. *Quel trou!*—as my dear colleague, Priscilla, would say. Shall I tell you, dear lady, about Bilgewater? You, of course, remember Richard Sickert's *Ennui* in which a middle-aged gentleman sitting at a table in what are obviously seaside lodgings turns his back upon the view at which his spouse mugwumpishly gazes. With me at Bilgewater was no spouse. And here, *très chère*, a nice question suggests itself: Is a spouseful Bilgewater better or worse than a spouseless one? I remember a discussion in my club as to what would constitute the best of Earthly Paradises, and how this was wound up by Mr. Selwyn Jepson saying: "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, a book of verses, and NO THOU!"

I had heard that the great point about Bilgewater was its *charm*, and on my asking if this appertained also in wet weather I was told that its characteristic then became *elusive charm*. But the weekend I chose was sunny and cloudless, and in this aspect during the daytime the place had a kind of unruffled activity. I found the little seafront filled with platoons of soldiers being drilled at intervals of twenty to thirty yards. The sea was up, and mingled with "the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the tide"—Tennyson, *très chère*, as you will recognize!—were the barks of the drill sergeants, the snapping of little dogs, the tramp of boots, the giggle of nursemaids, and the drone of aeroplanes. Squads appeared to be just as awkward as they were in my day—one man couldn't be made to tell a right turn from left. But a Scots sergeant-major warning recruits against inhibitions and complexes—he used those words!—was new to me.

It was in the evening that melancholy descended. For in comparison with Bilgewater's blackout that of London is a blaze. At seven o'clock everything shuts down, and not a mouse stirs. It is true that the pubs are open, but it would seem that the revellers, if such a word can be used, having once shut themselves up remain immured. The nearest cinema was half a mile from my hotel, and both going and coming I did not meet so much as a stray cat. The programme at the cinema beggars description: I did not know that such things still were. It started with a Western so old that the grinding of the worn-out sound track drowned the actor's voices, in spite of which the picture was received with yells of hobbledohoy delight. Then a short film which seemed to



ANN SHERIDAN, "GIPSY," FILM DOG, AND MAX WEATHERWAX, "GIPSY'S" TRAINER. THE NEW FILM IS "IT ALL CAME TRUE"

The actress, it is communicated, desires to discard her title of "The Oomph Girl," but if that means "attractive," she is going to find it difficult. Her newest picture is *It All Came True*, in production at the moment, in which the poodle in this picture and her six puppies co-operate. Some of the recent films in which London has been meeting Ann Sheridan are: *Devil On Wheels*, *Winter Carnival*, *Naughty But Nice* and *Angels Wash Their Faces*. Years *Without Days*, another of her new ones was trade shown just before Easter

be a copy of an old Keystone comic. Lastly the high-spot of the evening, which was all about a common little beast, impersonated by Chester Morris, whose speciality was beglamouring women and throwing them about. This proved highly popular with the young soldiers forming eighty per cent of the audience.

And now, dear reader, let me give you a tip about rest-cures, a tip which was given the world many years ago by a famous French general: *Donnez-moi un remède pour la fatigue, mais que ce remède ne soit pas le repos!* In other words, get rid of your fatigue by resting, but rest among people who are continuing to fatigue themselves.

I returned from Bilgewater realizing that there is no benefit to be obtained by leading the life of a cabbage for forty-eight hours. If you want to get full benefit from the Bilgewaters you must remain there for at least six months. I returned feeling that the proper place for a rest-cure is Paris!

Paris being unobtainable I had to make shift with London, where I immediately hied me to the Leicester Square Theatre to see *The Proud Valley* which, excellent though it is, would have been still more effective but for two reasons. The first is *The Stars Look Down*, the better once again proving the enemy of the good; the second is concerned with something which goes to the very root of the films.

We all know that when the cinema wants to portray a starving man it engages, not an actor to depict starvation but a man who has not had a meal for three weeks. When therefore it announces a Welsh mining village we expect to see the Welsh miners enacted not by actors but by miners who are Welsh. Now I know perfectly well that Mr. Edward Chapman is not a Welsh miner. I know him to be an admirable actor. I remember his brilliant performance in *The Good Companions*, and I know that I have only to step across to the Whitehall Theatre to see him give a delightful performance as a Lancashireman in *As You Are*. In other words, I know Mr. Chapman as he is, and that he is not a Welsh miner. Wherefore the new film brings defeat upon itself and the cinema is richly punished for its over-long adherence to the absurdities of realism.

In compensation there is Mr. Paul Robeson as a negro stevedore or something of the sort, who appears to have a remarkable knowledge of Mendelssohn's oratorio. It is rather a pity, by the way, that the words of the great chorus which is sung by these Welsh miners should be indistinguishable, and that these Priests of Baal, or whatever they are, should join together in four-part reiterations of something which sounds remarkably like: "Table up!"

J. A.



ALEC GUINNESS AS RICHARD AND
PEGGY ASHCROFT AS DINAH



EDITH EVANS AS MURIEL WITH
HER SON RICHARD (ALEC GUINNESS)



COUSIN MURIEL SHOWS OFF A NEW DRESS TO
DINAH AND HER FATHER (FREDERICK LEISTER)

Cousin Muriel, Clemence Dane's new play, from which these pictures were taken and which is more fully dealt with on our theatre pages this week, has settled down well at the Globe Theatre, after Miss Dane bowing to first night criticisms changed the play's rather banal ending. Edith Evans has a fine chance to show her terrific range of talent in the part of the charming lady housekeeper who can't keep her hands from picking and stealing and she is supported by a strong cast, headed by Alec Guinness as her son and Peggy Ashcroft as the cousin with whom he is in love. Frederick Leister is seen as a successful doctor and Betty Chancellor and Fred Groves as "tweeny" and butler complete the cast. The play is produced by Norman Marshall of Gate Theatre fame



BETTY CHANCELLOR AS THE IRISH MAID
AND FRED GROVES AS THE BUTLER

AT THE GREAT JUMPING



THE HON. DEBORAH MITTFORD,
MISS CONSTANCE STANLEY AND MR. A. STANLEY



BARON FRANKIE DE TUYLL
AND MISS MONICA SHERRIFFE

CARNIVAL AT CHELTENHAM



MRS. BARKER AND CAPTAIN
AND MRS. A. H. OSBORNE



CAPTAIN PETER WIGGIN WITH
CAPTAIN AND MRS. JACK FAWCUS



MR. AND MRS. T. CLYDE



MR. R. LLEWELLYN, MISS JUNE CAPEL
AND LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT

Steeplechasing's "Ascot" this year contrived to make most people who were lucky enough to get there forget there was a war on. But for the uniforms it was quite easy to do this for the gallery, the beauty, the bravery, the fields and the racing were all super. Distinguished jockeys were to be seen wearing British warms over their colours, notable amongst them Jack Fawcus who had shocking luck not to win the Cheltenham Grand Annual 'Chase on Mr. C. R. Taylor's Celtic Rover. He looked a sitter going into the last "ob" but that was the end of it for him as he came off it. The real feature of the afternoon's entertainment was the success of the Dorothy Paget colours. She won the Champion Hurdle Race with Solford who was rather unlucky to have fallen last year and the National Hunt Handicap 'Chase with her National horse Kilstar. He came home with ten lengths of daylight behind him. Most of the regulars and a lot more were on the premises. Baron Frankie de Tuyll, for instance, son of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, who is with a charming lady well known in the grass countries, and linking up with the Beaufort family in a bottom picture is little Lady Kathleen Eliot, daughter of the late Lord St. Germans, and of Lady Blanche Douglas, sister of the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H. Miss June Capel who is in the same group is Lady Westmorland's younger daughter by her second marriage, and Captain Peter Wiggin who is with Captain Jack Fawcus and wife is the son of the late Brigadier-General Edgar Wiggin and, like his father, a cavalry soldier.

Our Racing Correspondent "Regular," we regret to learn, has met with a bad motor accident and has been unable to contribute his usual weekly article

ALICE DELYSIA ENTERTAINS THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



SQ.-LDR. G. A. M. PRYDE
AND MRS. D. BROCK



GROUP-CAPTAIN F. J. VINCENT (O.C. STATION)
AND ALICE DELYSIA



SQ.-LDR. R. D. GIBSON, MRS. H. B.
BURNS AND FLT.-LIEUT. R. THORNHILL



SQ.-LDR. L. C. W. PEARCE-GERVIS (ADJT.)
AND MISS LORRAINE LA FOSSE



FLT.-LIEUT. G. C. BURGESS, FLT.-LIEUT. AND MRS.
J. L. SANDERSON, FLT.-LIEUT. H. B. BURNS;
(AT BACK) MR. G. R. APPLEWHAITE



A.S.O. J. ORAM, SQ.-LDR. S. R. GROOM
AND DOUGLAS BYNG



MR. L. H. ALLWOOD AND
F.-O. J. C. G. SARLL

Delysia, the well-named, in this war as in the last one is never quite so happy as when she is doing something for the fighting forces, and the concert with which these pictures are concerned was arranged at a certain R.A.F. station which, unfortunately, must remain anonymous—but, anyway, it was a terrific success before an audience that likes it good. The Adjutant of the station, Sq.-Leader Pearce-Gervis, seen with one of the artists who so generously gave their services, is always out to get the best he can—and if he can do better than he did this time he will be lucky. In addition to the central star, seen at dinner with the O.C. Station, Douglas Byng was in the bill and at the peak of his form, and further reinforcement was provided by Gaston Palmer, that talented illusionist, whose turn was greeted by a burst of drum-fire applause. The letters A.S.O. in front of a W.A.A.F.'s name, incidentally, stand for Assistant Section Officer, and this little gallery includes two of these gallant ladies



GASTON PALMER, A.S.O. E. FRAMPTON
AND MR. VICTOR BUSCALL

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



JOHN SELBY

This young journalist's first novel, "Sam," is American winner of the All Nations Prize Novel Competition. Published in England by Nicholson and Watson this month, "Sam" is the story of a dyed-in-the-wool American newspaper proprietor, and has been compared to Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt"

delightfully readable—and forgettable. They are so busy telling you what they have done, that there is no space left to tell you what they have themselves *become*. The most interesting side of life isn't—at least, it isn't for me—an act, but a mental development. Metaphorically, chatter isn't autobiography, often completely entertaining though it may be. Autobiography should be so greatly a self-revelation, with as few reticences as tact and decency will allow. Otherwise, it is not much more satisfying than the reproduction of a famous painting: everything is there, all except that something which makes the original great and unforgettable. And if, in this self-revelation, we are made to blush—who cares? If we are made to feel uncomfortable—again, it may do us good! If you cannot face up to every facet of life without dismay, life, so far, has taught you nothing at all. You are still adolescent, whether fresh or mildewed.

If, however, you be of this adolescent persuasion, I would not advise you to read the late Havelock Ellis's autobiography, "My Life" (Heinemann; 15s.), because it is just about the most outspoken human document which has appeared for years. Much more than the story of his life, it is the story of that secret life of which most men and women either don't understand the scientific significance, or are terrified by its implications if they do. A stupid attitude, in either case. For this secret life is always a great or small scientific phenomenon, and as such is just the most interesting and significant contribution we can bring to the complete understanding of the mysterious deviousness of human psychology. In the beginning, however, let me tell briefly this life-story as it is a story of events. Havelock Ellis's father was a captain in the Mercantile Marine. His mother, in reality the head of the family, due to her husband's long absences at sea, was a

A Great Autobiography.

SO many people write their autobiographies, and you forget them so soon as read. They have done interesting things; they have met famous people; success sets its final stamp on their endeavours. You find it all

deeply religious woman who, nevertheless, had none of that silly squeamishness concerning what are known as "the facts of life," which are among the intelligent banes of the strictly religious mind. The domestic atmosphere of his childhood was calm and prosaic. At school he did not distinguish himself greatly. He was estimable and average. He was also the average boy when he left school and was obliged to begin to earn his own living. He didn't know what he wanted to do, but he was dissatisfied with everything he did. His father took him round the world on one of his voyages, and eventually young Havelock settled in Australia as a junior schoolmaster. His job lay in the back of beyond; his life, except for his pupils, was lived absolutely alone and a good distance from the nearest habitation. Yet he did not find his solitude irksome. He had his thoughts, his dreams, his books; he was forming his own character without interference. He was thinking, and thinking hard.

When he returned to England to take up the study of medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, he was inexperienced so far as other men were concerned, but he was vastly experi-

enced so far as his own nature mattered in his life's more important developments. Science had always attracted him, although his education had given him few opportunities to study. Especially science as applied to human psychology. It was during this stay in London as a medical student that he first began to write articles on sex. For a long time they attracted scant attention. He became, however, the editor of that popular science series of books which, in the days of my own youth, were widely read. His books had often to be printed in German, and in the beginning his most famous one was the cause of criminal proceedings being brought against his publisher and himself by the police. Thereat we will leave this outer story of his life, and proceed to the inner one, which makes, after all, this autobiography so remarkable.

It is the story of his married life. As a strange psychological study it is the most thrilling narrative I have read for a long time. Mrs. Havelock Ellis was a writer on her own account, albeit in a very small way, when she first met her husband. Their first meeting caused a mild mutual antipathy, rather than love at first sight. Intellectually, however, they were lovers almost from the beginning. Did passion come later, when they were married? One can only doubt, though its semblance was there. Did Edith Ellis understand her own nature? Probably not.

Her problem was the kind of problem which only time can pose, and then only after a long bewilderment, a long misery and unhappiness. Little agonising things gradually taught both her and her husband the tragic truth. Agonising things for both of them, like her infatuation for Clare, for Lilly, for so many other women; her husband's own realisation of the truth which, all unconsciously, led to his association with Amy, who apparently was all-feminine; the secret terror shared between husband and wife that this baulked physical necessity would alienate the greater mutual necessity of their passion of the mind. So that they were rarely out of each other's thoughts, even when they were happy in another's companionship.

(Continued on page 412)



ROM LANDAU

Just before joining the R.A.F. as liaison officer with the Polish Air Unit at present in this country, Rom Landau finished a new book, "Of No Importance," which has just been published. The book is in the form of a diary stretching from February to October of last year, and covers the transition of the author from a private, peaceful citizen to a unit in a nation at war, with the added poignancy of Mr. Landau's Polish birth



"WITH BLOSSOM NOW BEGINS THE PROUD PROCESSION OF THE YEAR"



Photos.: J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.

—ANDREW MARVELL

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

From the beginning they had entered into a pact to go their own separate ways when the demand for freedom of action became imperative, and they each fulfilled that pact. Yet there was something which bound them together, something which no mere freedom of action could destroy. He writes: "It is a perpetual source of amusement and wonder to me to think how from the first, separately and together, she and I had cherished ideals of freedom and independence, both in theory and in practice, and cast contempt on the narrow self-absorption of domestic life, and, as it would seem, had done everything to make such love difficult and even impossible. And yet the love we achieved during a quarter of a century seems to lie beyond even the imagination of those conventional couples who proclaim the duty and the beauty of mutual devotion, never leave each other's side, loathe the ideals of freedom and independence—and in their hearts loathe each other."

If you are scientifically minded, you will be enthralled, as I was, by this vivid, human, detailed study of a woman, not altogether normal, clinging desperately to the man who alone understood her and, by understanding, forgave. He, on his side, cherishing her beyond all other women, even though, as a physical wife, another woman had taken her place. Even towards the end of her life, when Edith Ellis suffered from the mental aberrations which are one of the symptoms of the disease which eventually killed her, she clung to him though she had obtained a legal separation. And all the time, through all his torture of mind, he understood her and forgave; and this understanding and forgiveness was the greatest reality of their joint lives. So that, at the end of the book, when his wife had been dead some years, he could still write: "Grief is one of the greatest mysteries of life. In losing a beloved person one is plunged into sorrow. Yet at the same time one is raised above all doubts and fears and anxieties into a sphere of joy which nothing can henceforth touch. While the loved one lives, there is always doubt whether the love will last; there is always fear of giving or receiving hurt; there is always apprehension of harm to the being who is so dear. Now one is raised for ever above all doubt and fear and anxiety. One enters the heaven of complete and eternal possession which nothing can henceforth touch. To think of the loved one is now of all pleasures the greatest. What one truly loves is veritably one's own soul, and to lose one's soul, as religion makes clear, is to gain it, for love is, in a certain sense, religion. All the ardours of religious love—even its saints and its relics and its shrines and its Holy Places—are but the transformations of the simple facts of natural love."

Thus the story of these tortured lovers comes to a close in quietude, in the echo of memories, in the writer's old age. For me, "My Life" is one of the most interesting autobiographies of recent years, since, for me, it fulfils nearly

every aspect which makes of autobiography one of the biggest thrills in literature—namely, human revelation.

Thoughts from "My Life."

"The world is inhabited by people to whom one does too much honour by calling them fools."

"There is no defeat left for him who is no longer conscious of defeat."

"Every young generation needs a new revolt, a fresh inspiration."

"It seems to me that a critic who is not keenly aware of all the defects of a lovely thing that ravishes him is but a crude critic, whose opinion hardly counts."

"Life doesn't happen according to our dreams; it happens quite differently, but it's often much more beautiful and wonderful."

"As all Christendom has testified, the path of Calvary is not the path of failure."

"Love that lives is fed by pain as well as by joy."

Very Long, but Interesting.

For the average reader, however, Johan Fabricus's new long novel, "A Castle in Carinthia" (Collins; 9s. 6d.), admirably translated by G. I. Renier and David Hallet, will be much less disturbing to read, less tortuous, less challenging. In fact, if the story has one fault, it is that it is altogether too easy to read. One knows the characters too well at sight, so to speak; one can lay odds on what they are going to do and think at almost any moment, and still win. Nevertheless, long, very long as the story is, only here and there does it seem too long. Briefly, it is the story of an Austrian Baron, Georg von Weygand, but it covers two whole generations in the telling. A cavalry officer who had loved a somewhat unstably domestic wife, settled down in middle-age to content himself by being landlord and friend to his tenants on his large Carinthian estate. He was, however, too young to settle down, and before long he married a poor Hungarian girl whose beauty had stirred his senses. Maria's one desire in life was to bear children. She was physically delicate, but in spite of this, she gave birth to a son, a daughter, twins—boy and girl—and, later



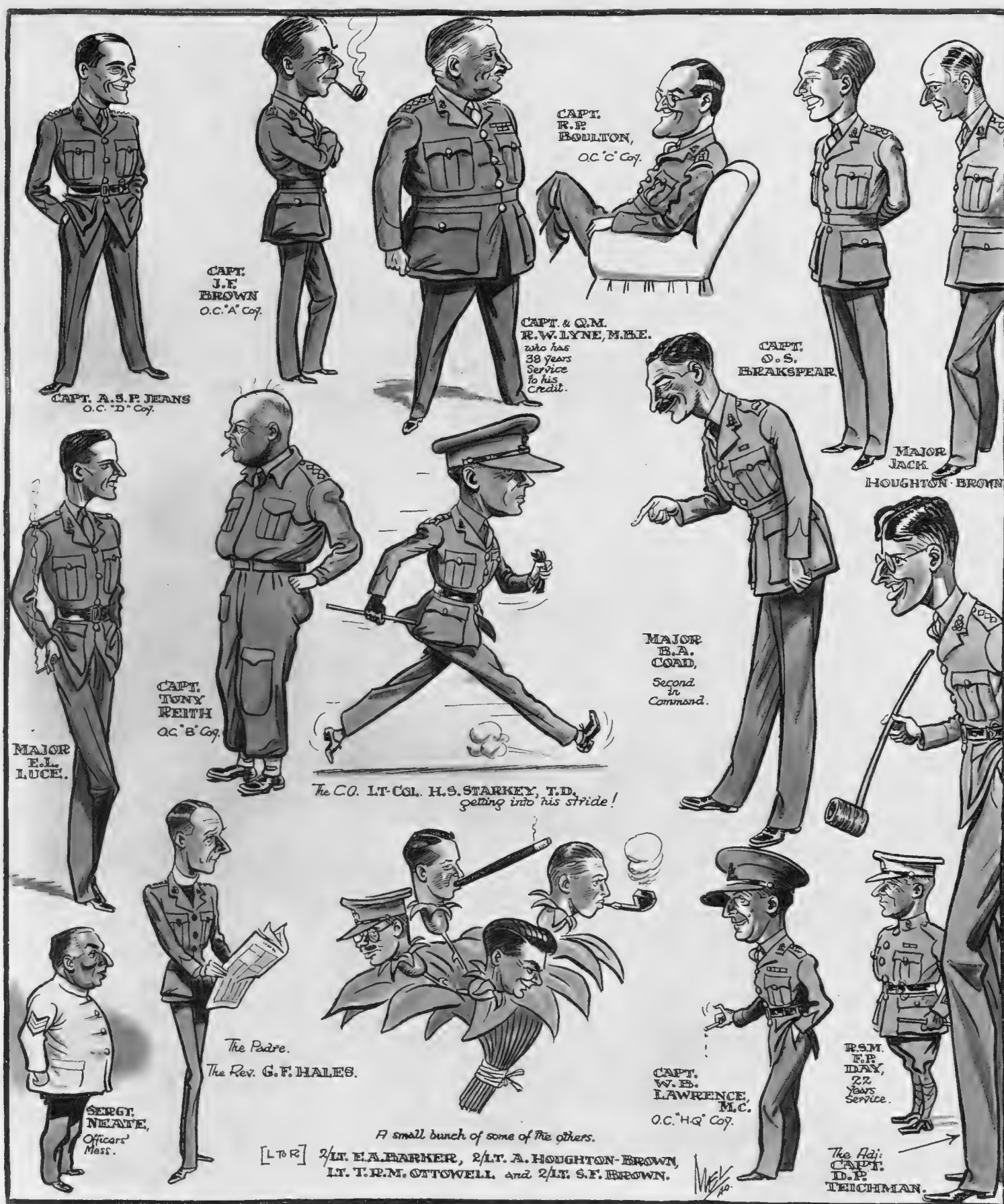
Harlip

MRS. PETER ARNO

The wife of America's foremost comic artist, whose work is almost as well known and well enjoyed in London as in New York, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland C. Lansing, of New York and Nassau. Her father is the fortunate owner of one of the lovely islands of the Bahamas

on, after one of the twins had died, to another boy. The physical effort, however, had taken its toll, and at the end she became a nervous wreck. Until this happens, however, we read many charmingly related scenes of domestic life; a pleasant calm which might perhaps have continued for all of them had not a young German tutor, Paul von Brandt, entered their lives, and presently the beginning of the Great War shattered the family's peace. The end is chaos, especially emotionally. By 1918 the old ordering is finished. The new ordering has not properly begun. In between there surges regret for the old days, mingled with dreams and hopes for the new fanaticism which is beginning to sweep Germany. It is an interesting piece of story-telling, and it is so well accomplished that, in spite of its great length, it very, very rarely drags.

SERVICE UNITS — No. 25



THE 25th BATTALION THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT—BY "MEL"

Although a good many of the gallant officers included in our artist's very attractive gallery are depicted smoking the calumet of peace, this is only camouflage, for this battalion, like all the others of the Wiltshires, is hard at work preparing for bloody-fronted war, and from a sure hand we have it that it is fighting fit. The two regular battalions are the 1st, the old 62nd Foot, and the 2nd, the 99th Foot, and the long list of battle honours dates back to Louisburg (Cape Breton), which was taken from the French in that part of the Seven Years' War that was fought in America

"COUSIN MURIEL"

AT
THE GLOBE
THEATRE



FREDERICK LEISTER AS
SIR HUBERT SYLVESTER

PEGGY ASHCROFT AS HIS DAUGHTER DINAH
AND (BELOW) ALEC GUINNESS AS RICHARD MEILHAC

A PART from the sound and fury from the war-threatened world outside and its problematic relevance, *Cousin Muriel* is a play in which coherence depends almost entirely on whether or not one finds it possible to believe and be interested in the shallow, amoral character of Muriel herself. In compelling this belief and interest, Miss Clemence Dane, as author, should have been fortunate in obtaining the great virtuosity of Miss Edith Evans to put *Cousin Muriel* "across." Miss Evans, certainly, applies much talent and guile in building up the character of the charming but feckless woman with a penchant for speculation and larceny, whose machinations in search of money destroyed her dead husband and have nearly ruined her son's happiness. She is a sort of lady housekeeper to a distinguished doctor and vaguely related to his late wife. Her son Richard has been impelled by gathering war-clouds to return from America to see what he can do for his country. Arriving at the house, he finds Dinah, the doctor's daughter, enjoying her twenty-first birthday; and a sense of immediacy being given to their former love by the press of world-war, he telephones the nearest registrar about a special licence. The doctor overhears, and unexpectedly objects to the marriage. When it emerges that his reason for doing so is that he believes Richard to have inherited from his father a happy-go-lucky attitude to money matters, on the ground that he has continually borrowed through his mother the money to bolster up his business in America, Richard realises that lies have been told in his name.

Richard is forced to accuse his mother; and opportunely, the bank manager arrives with a cheque for household expenses, which has been altered from nine pounds to ninety. There is no mistaking by whose agency this has happened, and it is left for the doctor to confront Cousin Muriel with this and other frauds. The best she can do in explanation is to tell tall tales about her intensive love for the doctor and the consolation she found, when unrequited



passion wore itself out, in extravagance and Stock Exchange gambling, and to claim that she has been of such value to him socially that surely her harmless quirk can be disregarded. It is all monstrously unconvincing, so much so that unawares she is delivering the last part of it to an empty room; her accuser having walked out on her. This is a finely contrived piece of theatrical writing, finely delivered by Miss Evans, when her Muriel pours her hitherto all-conquering charms into empty air.

In the first-night version it was unhappily succeeded by an attempt to thrust home the insincerity of Muriel's arguments by bringing in two detectives to arrest her for petty shoplifting. This, however, met with so chill and puzzled a reception that it was later altered: Muriel's adventure in shoplifting is still revealed, but her excessively kind employer sends back the stolen goods and, far from prosecuting her for the frauds on his own pocket, lets her depart not only in peace, but with a year's additional salary and a bonus of £50. It is unlikely that the revised ending will have any appreciable effect on the play's fortunes. For that, and for willing acceptance of the idea that in Muriel's case deception is its own reward, she would have to be a much more appealing creature.

Altogether, it is not an impressive or significant tale. Its virtues lie elsewhere than in story and dramatic structure. The characters are trivial, but Miss Dane is a past-master at presenting human triviality. She writes on occasion in the true spirit of detached, Puck-like consideration of foolish mortals. The writing is naturalistic, and in Mr. Norman Marshall's well-considered production the *minutiae* combine into a tidy stream that flows along like Sir John Denham's celebrated idea of the Thames.

The cast is a "strong" and accomplished one, but when all that the players say and do is said and done, more than half the battle

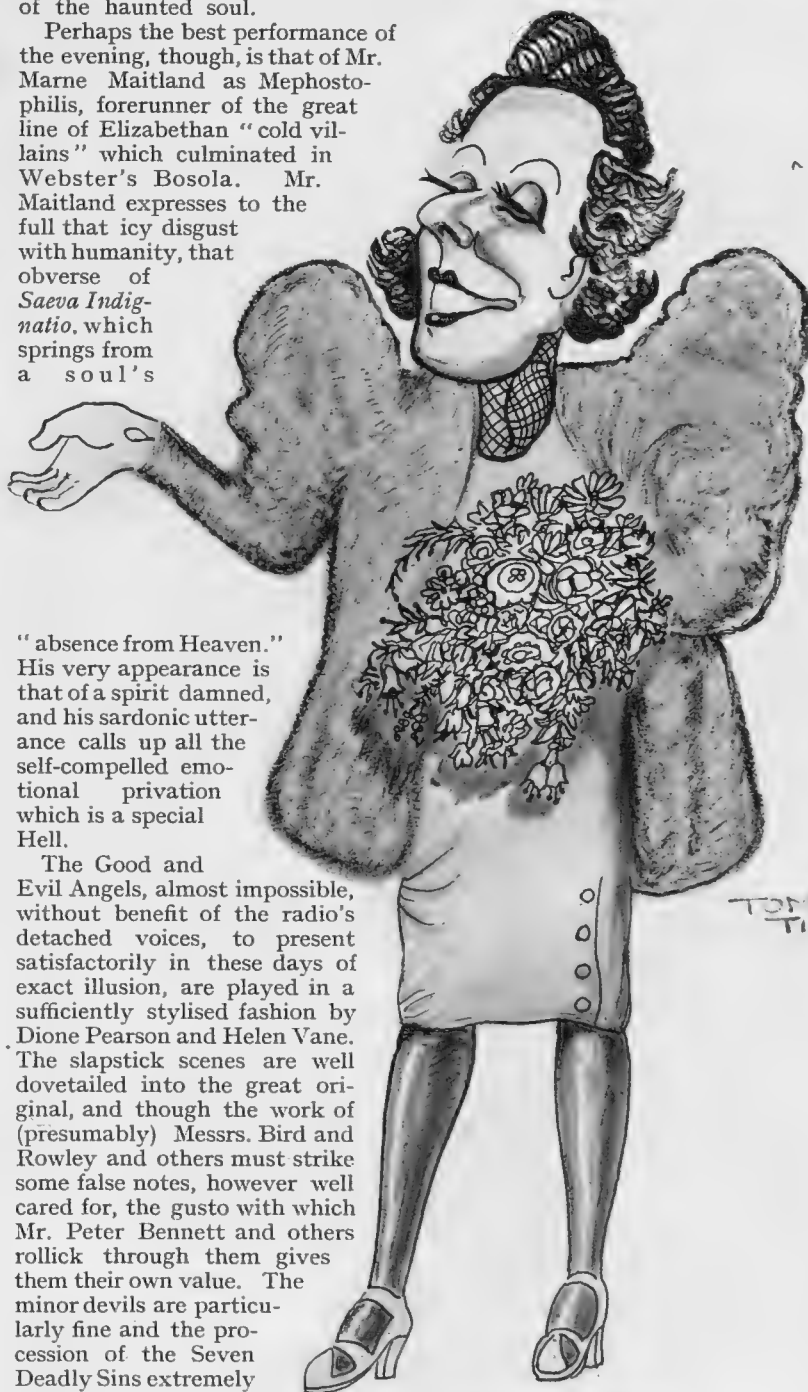
DOCTOR FAUSTUS

AT THE RUDOLF STEINER HALL

Even in wartime, it appears, there are people with the courage to put on plays which Hamlet would have haughtily praised as caviar, and all honour must go to those responsible for this production of the "hit" play of the season after the Armada was driven off, doubting whether *Yellow Sands* or *Chu Chin Chow* will find favour even in the smallest and most specialised theatres of the twenty-fourth century.

For those who are prepared to journey away from the charmed circles of Shaftesbury Avenue and who are large-minded enough to adapt themselves to the Renaissance's swift transitions from deep religious poetry to the crudest slapstick, there is much in this small-scale but extremely well-thought-out production to commend itself. Mr. Peter Coke as Faustus conforms rather to the young, handsome Byronic tradition than to the idea, surely more in conformity with the text, of a middle-aged (by sixteenth-century standards), world-weary scholar, and thereby fails to give the full impression of saturation with the learning of the world in the first scene, where he discards one after another the sciences of mortal man. But he shows a true feeling for the encrusted but always fluid Elizabethan poetry, and makes of the tremendous final scene, while missing some of the internal subtleties of ebbing and flowing emotion, a deeply moving outcry of the haunted soul.

Perhaps the best performance of the evening, though, is that of Mr. Marne Maitland as Mephistophilis, forerunner of the great line of Elizabethan "cold villains" which culminated in Webster's Bosola. Mr. Maitland expresses to the full that icy disgust with humanity, that obverse of *Sæva Indignatio*, which springs from a soul's



"absence from Heaven." His very appearance is that of a spirit damned, and his sardonic utterance calls up all the self-compelled emotional privation which is a special Hell.

The Good and Evil Angels, almost impossible, without benefit of the radio's detached voices, to present satisfactorily in these days of exact illusion, are played in a sufficiently stylised fashion by Dione Pearson and Helen Vane. The slapstick scenes are well dovetailed into the great original, and though the work of (presumably) Messrs. Bird and Rowley and others must strike some false notes, however well cared for, the gusto with which Mr. Peter Bennett and others rollick through them gives them their own value. The minor devils are particularly fine and the procession of the Seven Deadly Sins extremely well handled and played.

EDITH EVANS AS MURIEL MEILHAC



FRED GROVES AND BETTY CHANCELLOR
AS BUTLER AND IRISH MAID

has to be won by Cousin Muriel herself. And somehow, the Cousin Muriel doesn't create any great effect, notwithstanding her kinks and flourishes and surface subtleties—notwithstanding even the brilliance of the detail in Miss Edith Evans's acting. Cousin Muriel, in fact, should have an outside personality, but as presented it fails to register much. Perhaps nobody could make it ring the bell with sufficient resonance; or perhaps Miss Evans, for once in a very long while, is fundamentally miscast.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft as the daughter is excellently natural, and at times exquisite. The play touches its only height in a scene when her Dinah first quarrels absurdly with her lover and then overcomes his obstinate nobility. Mr. Alec Guinness brings much skill to the part of the rather colourless young man beset by emotional tangles.

The part of the doctor tends to fall into a stock type, but he is kept individual by Mr. Frederick Leister, who has to look glum frequently and listen often for long periods. Mr. Fred Groves and Miss Betty Chancellor are unwavering in competent support.

One might expect something more than truth to triviality in a play so determinedly topical as to set itself against a background of recent *Weltpolitik* as revealed by newspapers and wireless in the later days of last August, and one is tempted to try to read into its domestic story some image of the larger outside events that from time to time impinge on its characters as in real life they at the time did impinge on all our lives and in a marked degree affected them. But in *Cousin Muriel* there is little but incidental talk to indicate that the choice of time is anything but adventitious. Muriel herself is one of those people who, enmeshed in their own egotism, stand, come what may, outside the march of time.

Perhaps there is, after all, some significance in the way that she and the others involved in the imbroglio she creates should at this of all times be entirely preoccupied, desultory conversation notwithstanding, with the trivia of their own three walls, while beyond the fourth sits an audience remembering and in a sense representing the larger upheaval.



Stuart

OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. GROUP HEADQUARTERS

This group, as so many others nowadays, consists of people who are doing something somewhere. It may, however, be taken as read that the something bodes no good for certain gentlemen to be found in a general easterly direction. The A.O.C. this particular group, Air Commodore George Laing, O.B.E., was, before taking up this command, Principal Deputy Director of Equipment at the Air Ministry.

The names are: (l. to r., back row) F.-O. C. D. Burrill, F.-O. P. O. Hudson, Flt.-Lieut. J. N. Eastcott, Mr. F. J. West, F.-O. B. S. I. Champion, P.-O. T. H. Seymour, F.-O. R. H. Berry; (centre row) Flt.-Lieut. F. P. Cotterell, Flt.-Lieut. G. G. Meager, M.B.E., Sq.-Leaders R. J. Stephen, C. Broughton, W. N. Elwy-Jones, Flt.-Lieut. J. A. Maughan, Flt.-Lieut. J. C. Wickham; (front row) Sq.-Leaders L. Doyle, H. J. Paine, D. N. Matson, Wing-Com. F. E. Vernon, Group Captain E. J. D. Townesend, Air Commodore G. Laing, C.B.E. (A.O.C.), Wing-Com. W. A. O. Honey, Wing-Com. R. G. Shaw, D.F.C., Sq.-Leaders V. Greenwood, C. L. Gilbert, F. J. Knowler.

Paradox.

IT may seem rather late in the day to refer to Sir Kingsley Wood's speech on the Air Estimates in the House of Commons on the evening of March 7, but there is one point about it which nobody seems to have noticed. It has to do with one of the dangers of democracies in time of war. For the position is this: no information about our rate of aircraft production, about our new types of aircraft or about our air strength in personnel or any other directions must be publicly announced because the information would then pass to the enemy; yet at the same time the Air Minister must satisfy the public that his department is efficient.

It should be perfectly obvious that the two things are incompatible. Sir Kingsley cannot possibly be expected to satisfy the critics at home without telling the enemy anything. The result is that he must resort to some kind of window-dressing. His method is not a bad one. He refers everything back to some datum of which the public and—we hope—the enemy are ignorant. Thus he makes (amidst cheers) the announcement that our production is now one hundred per cent. greater than it was at 4.37 p.m. on January 4 nineteen-something-or-other. As nobody knows what the rate was then, nobody is a penny the wiser, but there is spread a sort of comfortable feeling that all is well. I have seen this method even carried to the length of a statement such as the following: "I am glad to say that the output of XYZ aeroplanes has now been increased *three times over*."

A statement like that usually brings, in the House of Commons, a storm of applause. Yet it means precisely nothing. On the other hand, it is clearly impossible for Sir Kingsley Wood to refuse to make any remark about production. The democratic system insists that he shall say something in order to get his token estimate through. My only suggestion is that we listen to these statements as we listen to soft music, not expecting information from them, but merely a comfortable lulling effect.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Dropping a Brick.

A Royal Air Force officer, so the story goes, dropped a brick when he was inspecting one of the Heinkel 111K bombers that had been brought down in this country by the Fighter Command. He was examining all the knobs, switches and levers with interest, and touched one of them. Immediately a bomb fell out. Fortunately, it was not fused, but, to put it in the mild words of my informant, "there was considerable consternation among the onlookers."

These Heinkels, by the way, show no signs of the poor quality workmanship and materials which our over-optimists have been talking about. The workmanship is good and the materials are excellent. But it certainly is true that their armament is poor. This is not necessarily because the Germans have no information about gun turrets or are unable to build them; it may be the result of a specific policy. In the design of bombing aeroplanes there are always the two sides to be considered; the performance of the aeroplane and the armament it carries. Put on more armament and you take away performance in speed, climb and range. You cannot have it both ways, although some of the Royal Air Force machines hit a very pretty compromise and are not only heavily armed but show a good performance as well.

Civil Aviation.

I have already put the case of the independent commercial air lines companies in these notes. Their case was also put very ably in the *Daily Express* and other newspapers. But that does not seem to have had the slightest effect upon the Air Ministry's determination to hand over civil aviation to the railways.

I do not see any excuse for this official attitude. There have been many things in the civil aviation department of the Air Ministry recently which are puzzling. It almost looks as if this department is deliberately throwing away its good name by questionable action and by gross favouritism of certain groups of companies.



Stuart

DOGS OF WAR

The dogs seen above have been selected by the R.A.F. from the Battersea Dogs' Home and are being trained as sentries by Flying-Officer G. Ricks (centre). Just a little extra trouble for anyone foolish enough to contemplate snooping round our aerodromes.



LORD AND LADY HOWLAND AND THEIR SON ROBIN

Swabe

This picture which, as will be observed, includes the family watchdog, was taken at the Ritz, where the baby was born. He is the first great-grandchild of the Duke of Bedford. Lord Howland is the only son of the Marquess of Tavistock and thus a grandson of the Duke of Bedford. He has enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, his grandfather's regiment, and as he stands 6 ft. 3 in. and is only twenty-two he might eventually grow into the tallest Guardsman in the whole Brigade



Bertram Park

MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN

Who was, before her marriage to her distinguished husband in 1928, the Countess Atalanta Mercati, elder daughter of Count Mercati, Lord Chamberlain to the Royal Family of Greece. Mr. and Mrs. Arlen have lived in Cannes for so long that Mr. Arlen says he is known to the sons of the local croupiers as Old Man Riviera

spot some other Visiting Parents, but nobody looked very decayed, and then a nice woman came up to me and said: "You're a Parent, I fancy. Me, too." Thanks very much, no?

After that I had a lot of tribulations. I mean I had a number of mental worries to cope with. As you know, at our son's private-school they take a strong stand about chocolates and sweets—tuck, in fact, is simply not allowed. That being the case, my pockets were full of 4 Milky Ways, 3 big slabs of Cadburys, a $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. box of Black Magic and a few boiled oddments of repellent appearance. There was I, then, ready to do my duty by your son. So imagine my mortification when I saw that other Visiting Parents on the train were taking down valises simply crammed with contraband, and me with no more than a few mangy nothings in my pockets.

This kept me brooding all the way down from Waterloo, and by the time we reached the station where we were to be met by the school bus I had got myself a pronounced inferiority-tuck-complex. But when I saw the bus gradually being filled with cowed-looking Parents lugging bulging hold-alls and suitcases, I simply could not bear up against the reproachful looks they were trying not to direct at my few measly paper-bags, so I legged it to a sweet-shop near by and bought a bob's-worth of disgusting looking caramels and 2 bots. of ginger-beer, and legged it back again just in time to catch the bus. The driver had sidewhiskers, red ones. Fancy.

At last all we Parents arrived at the school, in loose (or open) formation. You wouldn't know about that, for when you and I went together we drove down snobbishly by car. Well, the bus stops at the school gates, so we had a jolly walk up the drive. We must have given the Headmaster a good laugh, for I'll bet he was leering in the offing somewhere. Only a few short months ago he was used to seeing Parents drive jauntily up in their handsome limousines, and now here we were, a cowed-looking bunch of overladen workers artificially prancing up to see our offspring. I had forgotten my 2 confounded bots. of ginger-beer in the bus, and I was jolly glad.

Your son dealt with an immediate ration of tuck in masterly fashion, and did not seem to think I had let him down. He and a man in his own dorm had an animated discussion as to where their tuck should be concealed, as they seem to take a poor view of the honesty of their fellow men, and they finally decided to slip the swag beneath their mattresses. This seemed to me a peculiarly revolting place for eatables, but who am I anyway?

LETTER TO A LADY From
MICHAEL ARLEN

MY Dear Atalanta, I think I carried out all your instructions last Saturday. And let me tell you, I had a most exhausting day. Being a Parent is one thing, but being a Parent on Parents' Visiting Day at a private-school is something else again. When it was all over, I didn't feel a day over seventy. I started off from Waterloo in fine fettle, feeling as spring-like as dammit. While waiting for the train I tried to

As you know, the boy has had the prevalent 'flu, but is better now except for a small cough. I was rather glad of this cough, because he is not allowed out yet and I had been dreading like anything having to go for a "nice long walk in the woods," which is what the other Visiting Parents were, with forced cheerfulness and hollow laughter, undertaking with their offspring. So your son and I sat in that very pleasant history-room and had a pretty serious talk. Well, he's a pretty serious fellow, and you can see that he is constantly wondering how to put to the best use possible the immense learning and valuable experience collected by a chap of nine. Not that the conversation was easy. I haven't, dear me, your touch, any more than I had your bother in making him.

I asked him how his Latin was, and he said well it was all right but often pretty baffling. He asked me if in due course I should like him to win a scholarship to his public-school, and I said well I should, and he said courteously well he would think about it. He said he had started Greek and didn't think much of it, really. He said that scripture was well pretty boring. He said that one boy had written about King David: "This is a corse but interesting story." He said his piano was not good at all, because he was well thumping a lot. He said he had heavy hands. He doesn't seem to like his hands much—except as food, apparently. He said that of course some people thought he played quite well but that actually he *knew* he thumped badly. He asked me for well ten bob for a new bow and some arrows, which the history-master is going to buy for him. So I paid up, rather sourly. He said it was pretty hard to keep arrows at school but that he didn't mind losing them so much as having them broken with malice. He said that two of his last lot had been broken with malice. I asked him who could have done such a beastly thing, and he said darkly well a bigger boy. I said I hoped he had tried to punch this bigger boy on the nose, and he said well he remembered what I had said to him always to hit anybody who had done him a dirty trick, but as this boy was really a good bit bigger, eleven to his nine, well he had hit him as hard as he could with his elbow while passing him on the stairs so he could say well it was all a mistake. I was much gratified by this, for it's nice to know that one's son stands no earthly chance of ever becoming the Archbishop of Canterbury.

He sent you and his sister his love, and also you can tell Venetia that she can have his *second* anti-aircraft gun, which is hidden *behind* the 1938 Chums in the day-nursery. Now I know for a fact that Venetia found and collared that gun a month ago, for I was with her and we managed to break it together, so I think that maybe we had all better keep rather quiet about what may easily become well an intolerable situation.

I had a pleasant, shy talk with the Headmaster. The shyness was on my side. He is about ten years my junior, but while I can snap an editor's head off and take a bite out of a General or an Admiral on the slightest provocation, there is something about any Headmaster that makes me stand to attention and say "sir." But he is a very pleasant fellow, and we had a big laugh about the nit-witted debate in Parliament about the approaching end of the public schools. Every few years we hear the same thing, but fighting for Poland or Finland will be nothing to the way in which every Englishman will fight with his last breath to preserve his right to be just as snobbish as he pleases and when he pleases and to hell with education, and quite right too. Anyway, what has a good education done for the Germans? Or for the Americans? I will tell you the answer when I see you, since one is not permitted to send indecent matter through the mails.

By the way, your son took a pretty gloomy view of your message to the Matron about his hair not being cut too short in front just before the holidays. He said well you must not expect too much. His hair at the moment looks like a very angry bird's nest.

And then I got up to go away. And suddenly he blushed and said: Thank you *very* much, daddy, for coming." Listen, I was as touched as dammit. Particularly as until that moment I had not realised from his manner that my presence had given him any pleasure whatsoever.

He wants some plums, by the way, and well a *very* large safety-pin.

Your exhausted husband.



MISS DAPHNE WILKINSON, MR. ALAN GRAVES, MISS BERYL TALBOT,
MRS. ARTHUR POWER AND MRS. ALAN GRAVES



MISS BIDDY JAMESON, MISS BARBARA STRICKLAND
AND MISS PAMELA MOONEY



MISS JEAN CURELL, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. A. CURELL
AND MRS. WILKINSON

The Ward—Dublin's own pack of staggers, famous in song and story (thanks to Whyte-Melville, Morrough and Mr. Justice Wylie)—held their adventure over a line near Ratoath, which is in Meath territory, but as the foxhounds and the Ward are the best of friends, there are no real hard-and-fast frontiers. The Dublin country and all Meath take a power of doing, "for a horse may be grassed and a rider floored in a couple of shakes when they start with the Ward." It was quite in order that the Hunt Cup should be won by Mr. Justice Wylie's "Bayadère," for he is a brilliant ex-Master and a grand man to go. He is in a picture with the ex-President of the I.F.S., whom, so the gossips say, the hard-riding judge had to try during "The Throuble." They

AT THE WARD POINT-TO-POINT AT CREAKENSTOWN



MR. W. T. COSGRAVE
AND MR. JUSTICE WYLIE



Photos.: Poole, Dublin
MISS ELLA FFRENCH, LIEUT.-COLONEL
C. C. GRATTAN-BELLEW AND HIS DAUGHTER

are nowadays the closest allies, and Mr. Cosgrave often has a go with the Ward. Meath, naturally, was in force, and Lieut.-Colonel Curell is the Hon. Sec. of that renowned hunt. Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, now sole Master of the Ward, steered Mr. C. Cosgrave's "Centre Party" to victory in the Lightweight 'Chase, rode the runner-up in the Hunt Cup, and was on the No. 3 in the Farmers' Race—a nice afternoon's work. Lord Fingall, who is the joint-Master of the Ward, has gone soldiering for the duration. As Lord Killeen, he was a Grand National class "Corinthian" and rode a lot of winners.

Another notability in the gallery is Mr. Alan Graves, who was at the British Embassy in Berlin with Sir Neville Henderson when this accursed war broke

THE COASTAL COMMAND CAPTURES YET ANOTHER U-BOAT

By Wing-Commander
E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Our artist takes us behind the scenes and no mistake, and shows us exactly how it is done. Bombing, ramming, boarding in the Nelson style, with a thoroughly hearty hand-to-hand, free-for-all scrap thrown in. This picture should make even the most sluggish pulse get a bit of a gait on, because, until now, no one can ever have believed that it was anything like such fine fun as this. Cold steel, curses, a nice, clean right to the point, a bit of all-in wrestling and quite a bit of sea-bathing, a perfectly poisonous time for the pirates. They say that we are no good at propaganda—but how about now? This picture, when the Herr Doktor Göbbels sees it, will be twisted round into "the sinking of a British battleship by one of our brave Heinkels." The only trouble is that, the Doktor having lied so persistently and so glibly, no one, not even his docile fellow-countrymen, will believe him





Priscilla in Paris

FROM to-day onwards, three times a week, Très Cher, this is what you will hear, very probably, during the pre-luncheon *apéritif* hour: "A Vittel-Vichy, garçon, with 'a dash' of tap-water!" These are going to be great days for those unfortunates known as "secret drinkers," but one feels sorry for the convivial bibber who really prefers the company to the cocktail. He exists, you know, rarely, of course, but he exists, and I am not terribly sorry for him, since he will be able to gossip just as well over a fruit-juice as over a "side-car"; besides, what is a man's hip-pocket made for if not to carry a flask? In America, as far back as 1912, I remember that, on the trains, as one passed through certain States, one's "likker" was brought to the table in a teapot, and a recent film shows us that a devoted butler will even serve his henpecked master's favourite pick-me-up in a vase of flowers. Just now, however, such camouflage would hardly be loyal, and I fear that even the hip-pockets will have to be sewn up.

Although I wish you a "Good News Easter" in this letter—what else can one wish just now?—it would be foolish of me to try and give you the impression that I am writing this on Easter Eve. Reasons dependent on postage and censorship still delay letters between Paris and London and, at time o' writing, the bells of the city have not yet left for Rome to receive their annual blessing. This year I have not seen those absurdly charming picture-postcards representing the flight, through the air, of the great bronze bells of Notre Dame carried between fluttering little Cupid wings, but chocolate bells are as much in evidence as chocolate eggs in the sweet-shops, and confectioners are bewailing the recent ukase that may cramp their sales. The ordinary plain chocolate may be sold, but the *chocolats fins*, for which Paris is famous, must be shelved till further notice. This seems rather a pity, for the supply has been ready for some time now, and since the finer kind of chocolate is rather more perishable than 'ard likker, we go on hoping that the kindly authorities will see reason—or at least close their eyes to its sale during the holiday.

Paris is usually thronged with young British visitors at Easter; this year we shall miss them. During the cold weather a great many French children returned to the city, but now they are leaving again, so that Paris is, once more, an almost childless town and—to quote a certain self-styled "child-hater"—"It's amazing how one misses the beastly brats!"

A big "tamasha" takes place—it will be ancient history by the time this reaches you—at the Salle Pleyel on March 11 to raise funds for the British Fresh Air Fund to send poor British children, who live over here, into the country. Sir Ronald Campbell will be there, of course, and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose son is at the Front and whose charming, Swedish-born daughter-in-law is one of the crack ambulance drivers of the U.F.F. Having driven with her quite a lot, I know what I am writing about. The entertainment has been arranged by Edward Sterling, whose "English Players" are, of course, disbanded for the moment, since most of them are playing "somewhere in France" at various other jobs—and when I say "playing" I don't exactly mean—playing! E. S., being over military age and who was merely asked to "wait and see" when he offered his services in London at the



JANY HOLT

This brilliant young French dramatic actress was recently seen by Parisians in Jean Cocteau's latest play, which was not so well received as his last year's success, *Les Parents Terribles*. Jany Holt will be remembered by Londoners for her performance in *Alibi*, one of the top-flight French pictures that have come our way



MAURICE CHEVALIER AND JOSEPHINE BAKER

These two great stars, whose names are almost as much household words over here as in France (and will be even more so when the B.E.F. come home *via* Berlin), are working overtime, and then some, to entertain the troops, both French and English. One could hardly find better people to relieve the tedium of watching the Boche

outbreak of the war, is now on the French Government foreign station, Paris-Mondial, where they broadcast to America. They give French plays in English—Molière, Marivaux and de Musset, as well as the moderns, and every Saturday night there is a variety show.

Charles Boyer, who is now in Hollywood again, was one of the first to speak from this station, and so was Mme. Colette, who is at Nice these days recovering from the usual 'flu. Meanwhile Josephine Baker, Maurice Chevalier and Jack Wilson—the lad with the piano who delights us all, and especially us old 'uns who remember Harry Fragson—carry on, so that the Saturday night broadcast is one to listen for if, alas! it were not at the unearthly hour of 2 a.m. As well as a variety programme on the 11th, there will be the première of Edward Sterling's English adaptation of Paul Vialar's *Soir*, which will be played, under the title of *Eventide*, by Margaret Vaughan (Mrs. Edward Sterling) and the adapter.

As this letter seems to be quite a lot about a British Family Making Good in Paris (they have been doing this since 1924!), I may as well add that young Pamela Sterling, who has already played quite a lot over here and who is one of the younger hopes of the Paris Conservatoire of acting, has just started work on a new film, *Ils Étaient Douze Femmes*, in which Françoise Rosay, Gaby Morlay and Betty Stockfeld are the three stars. Françoise Rosay has been doing wonderful propaganda work on the air; she is a fine linguist, speaking English and German equally perfectly, so that her broadcasts in German—an appeal to German mothers made with simple, heartfelt sincerity—have been annoying Adolf quite a lot, and this, of course, is always pleasant.—PRISCILLA.

THE "MOONSHINE" REVUE— —AT THE VAUDEVILLE



ENID STAMP-TAYLOR (ALSO ON RIGHT),
AND (ABOVE) WITH ERIC ANDERSON



Photos.: Bertram Park

ARCHIE DE BEAR (JOINT AUTHOR) AND SYLVIA MARRIOTT

This light and very little revue made its bow to us on the 12th, and everyone has seemed very pleased to see it. It is an Archie de Bear production, with himself and Reginald Arkell, that witty writer of many revues, as joint authors, and music and additional lyrics by Jack Strachey, and a clever, and, as will be observed, highly decorative cast to put it over. The picture of Enid Stamp-Taylor on the right above was taken in her dressing-room; the other one, with Eric Anderson, on the stage. *Moonshine*, a good title, invariably means that stars shine also, and they do here, very brightly



JASMINE DEE, ANOTHER LEADING LIGHT



SOCIETY HULA AT LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

By the sea at Long Beach, California, Miss Francella Maddock (right), an expert exponent of the Hawaiian Hula dance, puts a group of socialite lovelies wise to the intricate movements of the tropical dance which they are to perform in a show at the Pacific Coast Club

IT is said that Field-Marshal Goering now has so many medals that he's given up wearing them on his tunic. Instead he hangs up a little card: "See catalogue."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A backwoods farmer was met in a field one day by a modern agriculturist. When asked what he was doing, the farmer said he was driving his pigs down to the woods, where they could eat acorns and fatten up for market.

"Why, that's not the thing to do," informed the agriculturist. "The modern way is to build a pen in a yard and carry the acorns to them. It'll save lots of time."

The older man looked at the other for a moment and then in utter disgust said: "Why, what's time to a pig?"

It was a filthy day. The recruits were dumb. Private Smith was the dumbest of them all.

The sergeant strode up to him: "What was your job in civil life?" he barked.

"Bank clerk," replied Smith.

"I suppose," sneered the sergeant, "you dusted the desks and washed out the ink-wells, and made cups of tea for the manager?"

"Oh, no," replied Smith. "We kept an old sergeant for those jobs."

all your garden up."
Out went the light.

The village warden was going his round, when he saw a light from a back bedroom window showing through a corner of a curtain.

He knocked and said: "Please put out your light; it shows

About a quarter of an hour later the same warden knocked again, saying: "Please put your light on. I can't find my way out of your garden."

A man was approached by an insurance canvasser and asked if he was insured against fire.

"Yes," said the other. "Burglary?"

"Well, yes."

"Are you insured against floods?"

"Floods?" said the other, showing interest at last. "How do you start floods?"

The special constable had been told by his inspector to stop a car which was travelling fast in his direction.

Ten minutes later he rang up to report.

"The car was being driven by an actress," he said. "I stops her, pulls out my notebook, she snatches it, writes her blinkin' autograph, and then 'ops it."



Houston Rogers

"NAP HAND" REVIVES THE OLD ALDWYCH TRADITION

"Mr. Ralph Lynn has never been slicker and seldom funnier," said Alan Bott, writing in last week's "Tatler" about *Nap Hand*, Vernon Sylvaine's and Guy Bolton's new farce, which brings that brilliant comedian back to the Aldwych Theatre, where he once played 3500 performances without a break. In the picture are Valerie Tudor as Lucille Quibble, Ralph Lynn as Freddie Quibble, Bertha Belmore as Nurse McClintock, Charles Heslop as Johnnie Potter, Kay Walsh as Marjorie Potter, and Robert Nainby, who must be the doyen of the English stage, as Dr. McClintock



LOVELY SIGRID GURIE WITH TWO WILD PETS



IRENE (SIGRID GURIE) AND PAUL (BASIL RATHBONE)

Rio, Universal's Easter show at the London Pavilion, is a dramatic story of South America, whither Paul Reynard (played by Basil Rathbone), a French financier, is sent, on the eve of his first wedding anniversary, to a penal colony as the result of his exposure as a grand-scale swindler. In order to be near him, his wife (Sigrid Gurie) hies herself to Rio de Janeiro (which is, in point of fact, some thousand miles from Cayenne, Devil's Island, and all that), accompanied by her husband's devoted bodyguard (Victor McLaglen). In Rio she meets a disgraced American engineer whose bridge has fallen down, carrying his career with it, and rescues him from a life of despairing drunkenness by persuading a café proprietor (Leo Carrillo) to give him a job. After the necessary number of feet of film have unrolled, they fall in love, as might be expected. But meanwhile the bodyguard has plotted his master's escape, achieved in "a series of thrilling jungle scenes," and brought to a climax by Reynard's murder of a fellow-prisoner, who has escaped with him, and attempt to confuse the issue by tying his identity-disc on to the corpse. At the news of the supposed corpse-state of her husband, Mme. Reynard consents to marry her engineer, only to be confronted on the eve of the wedding by a husband who is not only no corpse, but is murderously inclined towards his successor. The police arrive in the nick of time to recapture the fugitive, who is inevitably shot while attempting to escape, leaving the road clear for the man who is unlucky at bridges. Mixed in with the thrills is plenty of gay relief and cabaret sequences which give Sigrid Gurie the chance to exercise her charming voice

SIGRID GURIE AND BASIL RATHBONE STAR IN DRAMATIC FILM OF "RIO"

SIGRID GURIE IN A BEAUTIFUL DRESS SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR HER RÔLE IN "RIO"



Stuart

THE OLD TIFFINIAN XV., WHICH BEAT THE UNIVERSITY VANDALS

This side has been having a fairly good time lately, their latest victims, whom they trounced 13 points to 3, at Walton, being on the facing page. They have also downed Charing Cross Hospital

The full tally of the names in the group is: (l. to r.; standing) A. E. Duerdoth, T. H. Roberson, P. R. Boles, D. Tamblin, J. Scott, C. S. Drew, E. G. Staples, E. G. Saunders and A. W. Hudson (Sec.); (sitting) C. G. Cannons, R. N. Stone, L. C. Powell (captain), D. Hilton, E. W. Hughes; (on ground) K. W. Adams and G. A. White

WE have been permitted to learn (per B.B.C. broadcast on German "sport") that any inside left or outside right who scores goals in his Soccer team, and being an N.C.O. or *unter-offizier*, at once gets a commission, and is hailed as Herr Leutnant even before the referee blows the final blast. It is permissible to presume, therefore, that if Germany had anything so purely for sport as our Grand National, the jockey who rode the winner would get the baton. He might easily make a better Feldmarschall than many that the Hun has got at this moment—or at any other moment.



Stuart

FAMOUS LADY FENCERS, 1940

The winner of the Women's Fencing Championship (foils), Miss Lyn Teesdale, is in front on the ground, but her win does not rank on account of the war. She got the Felix Cup as an award. Miss Neiligan, four times British champion and ex-world champion, is in the cloak. Miss Carnegie Arbuthnot, another ex-champion, is in the centre, and the other lady is Miss G. Tomblin, Secretary of Gravé's and organiser of the championships

that *Television Spy* is "an unique and startling thrill film, which presents for the first time a conception of the battles to be expected in the world of to-morrow for the control of long-range television when, by the bending of the television wave, signals will be received at distances of thousands of miles without re-broadcasting."

When I read on I was disappointed, because they do not elaborate this theme, as they might so usefully have done, into a really thrilling Wellsian story of how it can be utilised in warfare, a thing with which we are intimately concerned at this moment, but go off at a tangent and introduce a "heart-throb" interest. This is very disappointing, because I had hoped that they were going to show us how, by clever piracy, we might, or the enemy might, see behind the lines—a fleet creeping out from its anchorage, a big aerial concentration taking off on a mission of destruction, or big troop movements in progress, trains, road transport, and so forth. Speaking as an ignoramus, and only having seen the very elaborate arrangements necessary for televising such a comparatively peaceful thing as an Inter-Regimental polo final at Hurlingham, I am sceptical about television spying being of very much use in war for a very long time to come. However, I may be wrong!

Pictures in the Fire

I understand from the information which is so profusely vouchsafed to us from Hollywood that, sooner or later, we are to be privileged to see a film called *Television Spy*, and, quoting from what is technically and rather rudely called the "blurb," I gather that what they have done is to dramatise "a future situation to which scientific advances may give rise," and



AT THE RED CROSS GALA MATINÉE
AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Mrs. John Dewar (right) and her daughter, Miss Barbara McNeil, part of the big audience. Mrs. Dewar, wife of the owner of the 1931 Derby winner, "Cameronian," has turned her East Grinstead house into a hospital for officers



SUN AND SNOW AT ST. MORITZ

There will be many sighs that Herr Hitler has interfered with British participation in what is reported as one of the best seasons ever as far as the weather is concerned in the Engadine. Anyway, winter sports enthusiasts are determined to have the house-painter back to house-painting before another year is lost. Meanwhile, here are some people who have managed to get to the winter Mecca. On the left Mme. Marysia Ulam takes her little daughter, Florence, for a stroll; and on the right Mr. Henry Clews, four times Engadine golf champion, and M. Carlo Stagni use the New World's racket-like snow-shoes to get back from the Diavolezza race

By "SABRETACHE"



MISS MAXINE BIRLEY AND
MR. MARK HOWARD

Taking the floor the other evening at the Café de Paris. Miss Birley is the daughter of Captain Oswald Birley, the famous artist, and was ranked as one of the most beautiful of 1940 debs. at the recent Queen Charlotte's Ball

to be the trouble when this accursed war is over, just as it was in 1918-19, when many kennels were down to rock-bottom. However, it is of no use putting on Jeremiah's mantle just to see if it will fit.

The Leicestershire packs have all carried through most nobly; so have Northampton's crack establishments, the Grafton and the Pytchley, the latter thanks in no small measure to one of the Masters, Colonel "Peach" Borwick; and the former have been lucky enough to have their famous ex-Master, Lord Hillingdon. The Warwickshire likewise have been undefeated, though one of their Masters, the Hon. Dick Samuel, is away soldiering, along with his former pard, Captain

John Lakin. They have had inconceivably bad weather, plus that long frost—32 degrees of it at one time. The little Admiral (Sir Walter Cowan), who is one of the honorary secretaries, has carried things on with Gillson, the Warwickshire huntsman, and is, I think, one of the most undefeatable foxhunters I have ever met. It takes a hell of a lot to defeat the Navy, and I hear he has gone out and jumped fences at times when most people would have thought it suicidal.

* * *

News is not so rosy from other parts of the hunting world, and in the West, I am afraid,

The news from what some people call "the hunting meadow" during this past season naturally has not been of the most exciting, and the wonder is that, with so many people soldiering, sailing and flying, subscriptions down almost to vanishing point, and the war to pay for, any packs at all have been able to worry through. But many have somehow, even those expensive ones which pivot on Melton, Harborough, and such-like. How it will go if the war goes the limit we think it may, no one dare predict. So far the putting down of valuable hounds, I understand, has not been as widespread as it was during 1914-18, but quite bad enough in all conscience. You cannot rebuild a pack of hounds very quickly, and this is going



Stuart

THE UNIVERSITY VANDALS RUGGER SIDE

Though they went down 13 points to 3 to the Old Tiffinians (see opposite page), it was only their second defeat this season—a good record. They recruit their players from universities all over the world—our own Empire!

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) H. Mellian-Smith (referee), C. P. Gordon, J. H. A. Garnett, N. H. A. Laurie, F. W. W. Wilson, W. I. D. Ross-Munro, M. H. E. Williams and J. Stanley; (sitting) R. Heather, J. S. Rooke, G. Winstone, K. W. Pepper (captain), A. Higgins (Sec.), J. W. Jackson; (on ground) G. L. Finlayson and D. Duncan

fox-chasing has fallen on evil days. A soldier friend of happier days writes to me: "I haven't seen the Badminton myself, but a friend tells me of small fields, all in ratcatcher, and all mounted on screws; the Army have taken all the best. I went to look at the Avon Vale, who come this way fairly often. At present, alas! they have had to stop altogether for lack of a huntsman, the Master serving and only able to get away occasionally, and the substitute huntsman very ill. They met close to a bit of land of mine the other day, but the old fox that shares a home with a badger in the wood next door went away across it without their winding him. I was rather glad, to tell the truth, as I fear there is

a bit of wire in one corner of the field. You will probably feel shocked, but I have given up the unequal contest of keeping it away, after fencing it with posts and rails half-a-dozen times. People come and pinch your rails and the posts, too, and your tenant will always replace a missing rail with the rustiest wire he can find, without saying anything about it, so, as hounds don't often come that way, I gave it up at last. The field was small on this occasion, almost all girls on cobs and ponies, only two mounted men besides hunt servants, and one of those a groom! The country is very heavy, fairly waterlogged after all the rain."



AN IRISH GOLFING WEDDING

Mr. Matthew Reddan and his bride, the former Miss Clarrie Tiernan, the Irish golf international and conqueror of our Miss Diana Fishwick in 1935. A year later she won the Irish Women's Championship. The wedding took place last October, but has only just been announced. Mr. Reddan has partnered his wife in many mixed foursomes

MORE PICTURES FROM ST. MORITZ

A group on the Suvretta Terrace with, on left, the guide Schaller, and next in order Prince and Princess Franz Windischgrätz and the Princess Marie Antoinette Windischgrätz, the Prince's sister. The Prince has been an Italian subject since 1918 and is closely related to the Hapsburg family



THE SNAKE

By G. RADCLIFFE

WHEN George Cummins saw the *krait* he had been pursuing with a riding-crop vanish like a black flash into his wife's work-basket he acted with speed and promptitude. With an agility remarkable in such a large, fleshy man, he bounded to the table on which the work-basket stood and slammed down the lid. There was a hasp made of wicker for holding it down. He secured this and then stood back, panting and laughing as he surveyed the basket.

"That's settled you, my lad! You won't get out of that in a hurry," he said.

He wiped his forehead and drew a deep breath. It was very close and the exertion of the chase had made him breathless. Prior to its seeking refuge in the work-basket he had been hunting the tiny black snake for ten minutes around the room, the most violent exercise he had taken for months.

A drink was what he felt he needed now. He went to the side-table and poured out a stiff peg. As he raised it to his lips he noticed how his hand trembled. No wonder, he thought, after getting such a scare.

But it was a bit of luck to have trapped that little beggar. Dr. Sleisman, who was a naturalist and a collector of snakes, would gladly pay fifty chips for a live *krait*. He'd send Sleisman a note in the morning; in the meantime, the *krait* would be perfectly safe in its wicker prison.

The drink had made him feel better. He returned to the writing-table, where he had been sitting prior to the interruption, and took up his pen. He was anxious to get the letter finished before his wife came back from the cantonment cinema.

The letter was to Mavis Sutherland. Mavis was the sister of the Dharranpore political officer, only nineteen, fresh from England and as pretty as a daffodil. Her arrival had created a sensation in Dharranpore Society, and of all who had been smitten by her charms George Cummins was probably the hardest hit.

For weeks he had been dancing with her, escorting her to picnics, generally acting as her lap-dog. Mavis had seemed to be flattered by his attentions. He was sixteen years older than herself, and, despite his bulk, a fine-looking man. Also, she may have pitied him for being tied to the most unattractive woman in the station, a stout woman of dubious ancestry, who spoke with a sing-song accent and was inordinately fond of sweets.



LADY BRIDGET
DOUGLAS HOME
AND A TWEED
SALMON AND—

Whatever her reasons, she had certainly encouraged him. On the last dance night at the club she had allowed him to hold her hand and had listened sympathetically while he told her how unhappy he was with his wife. And George Cummins had told himself bitterly that he had met the love of his life too late, and that the existence of Lalla was the only thing that was debarring him from Paradise.

This evening his infatuation had reached a climax.

Instead of going to the club to play billiards, as he usually did, he had sat down to write to Mavis what he had not dared to say to her when they were together:

MY DEAREST LITTLE GIRL,

I have reached a point when I feel I can't live without you any longer. You have bewitched me. I am thinking of you day and night, and when I do fall asleep it is only to dream of you.

You know how I am placed. I am married to a woman with whom I have nothing in common. I met her when I was very young and new to India, and I was terribly deceived. It was the most foolish action of my life and I have paid heavily.

Lalla has no more affection for me than I have for her. I have not sounded her on the matter of divorce, but I know she would not raise any objection. It is money she wants, not me, and I would make her a handsome allowance.

If I could gain my freedom in that way—

It was at that point he had been interrupted by the appearance of the *krait*. Pen in hand, he stared at the words. He was feeling less hopeful than when he had commenced the letter. Despite what he had written he was not at all certain that Lalla would agree to give him his freedom.

He went on, writing slowly and framing his sentences with difficulty—

If I could gain my freedom in that way, would you consent to marry me? I know I could make you happy. Won't you, little girl, take a chance and let me prove to you how I love you?

He was warming to his subject now and his pen moved more quickly.

(Continued on page 430)



Photos. : Walter Bayton

—ANOTHER PICTURE OF SOME FURTHER OPERATIONS

Both these pictures of Lord and Lady Home's elder daughter were taken on the Birgham beat of the river which is owned by her father. Lord Home's Berwickshire seat is The Hirsell, Coldstream. The reports of the fishing are at the moment first rate. Lord Dunglass, Lady Bridget's brother, is the Prime Minister's Private Secretary

SHIRLEY STEEPLECHASES ALSO A ST. FAGAN'S PARTY



AT SHIRLEY: MR. AND MRS. F. R. GASKELL, FROM WARWICKSHIRE



MR. AND MRS. PAT GREY (NÉE ANNE HICKMAN AND M.F.H., WEST WATERFORD)



ALSO AT SHIRLEY: LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM AND MR. JOHN TALBOT



SQ.-LDR. AND MRS. ALAN RENWICK AT THE ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE PARTY



THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH (HOSTESS), AND P/O. DREW WILKINSON (EX-CAMBRIDGE COX)



Truman Howell
THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH AND A.S.L. MORRIS, W.A.A.F.

They had terrific fields at the Shirley Steeplechases the day the pictures at the top were snapped and good fun in all the six events in the card, the backers having a bit the better of the deal with the metalicians, as favourites popped up fairly consistently. There is a strong Warwickshire tang in the pictures as both Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell are well known with those hounds, and so was the former Miss Anne Hickman before she took on the joint-Mastership of the West Waterford. Lady Rosemary Gresham is Lord Erroll's only sister. Her husband, Mr. J. F. Gresham, is in the Brigade of Guards. Lord and Lady Plymouth's party at St. Fagan's was by way of being a farewell to an R.A.F. unit. The hostess is with the cox of the losing Cambridge crew of 1938, and Sq.-Leader Renwick is the Hon. Sec. of the Glamorgan Hunt Club. The Earl of Plymouth is an Honorary Commodore of the Auxiliary Air Force

THE SNAKE—(Continued from page 428)

You must, Mavis, you must. I have seen in your eyes how you feel about me. We were made for each other and we have met at last. Don't listen to what your relations say. It is our joint happiness that is at stake, and—

Confound! He had caught the sound of tonga wheels on the gravel outside. Lalla must have returned earlier than he had expected.

If she saw him doing anything so unusual as writing a letter she would torment him until he told her who it was to and what it was about. Her inquisitiveness was one of the traits in her character he most loathed. If he refused to tell her anything she scolded and wept until he felt he'd like to beat his head against a wall.

He couldn't stand a scene that night—not on top of the affair with the *krait*. Hastily, he folded up the letter and put it in his pocket. Although he wouldn't admit it to himself he was secretly afraid of Lalla and her temper.

Yes, it was Lalla all right. He could hear her arguing with the tonga-wallah in Tamil as fluent as a native's. And why shouldn't it be, since she had never been out of India in her life and was quarter-native herself? Of course, he hadn't known that when he had married her. It had been one of the many things he had learned about her when it was too late—like her laziness, her greediness, and her almost insane temper.

What a woman to have as one's life partner! Compare her with Mavis, now. . . . Mavis who was always so fresh and dainty and cool; Mavis with her dancing blue eyes, slender body and golden hair. . . . For a moment Cummins closed his eyes and felt physically ill with longing.

Lalla had vanquished the tonga-wallah and was coming across the verandah. She'd want to know why he hadn't gone to the club as usual. He took up an account-book and pretended to be studying it. It was absurd and degrading to be so afraid of one's wife, but he really didn't feel fit for a scene that night.

The chick rustled and he turned in simulated surprise. With an effort he made his voice sound affable. "Hullo, my dear! You've come back early. Was it a good picture?"

"It was verree dull," Lalla declared. "An' you? Why 'ave you not gone to the club?"

"Bit of a head. Thought I'd stay in and do some accounts. I'm going to bed early."

He could tell by Lalla's expression that she was not in a good humour. She was wearing a white frock much too tight for her ample proportions. And the colour emphasised the duskiness of her skin.

She sat down and kicked off her slippers with a grunt of relief. She never sat properly in a chair; she sprawled. Cummins compared her again with Mavis and felt a spasm of disgust.

"Like a drink?" he asked.

It was an unnecessary question, since Lalla never refused anything in the shape of food or drink. He brought her a whisky and soda and a plateful of sweet biscuits. As he did so he was struck by the malice of her smile.

She was working herself up for something—that was evident. He sat down and took up the account-book. And then he heard her hated voice, like the first hot drop of rain that preludes a thunderstorm.

"George!"

"Hullo?"

"Listen to me, please; George. I have something that I wish to say."

"Won't it wait till morning?"

"No, it will not wait. I am sorree, but it will not wait. Just put down that book and listen to me. You are a kind, attentive husband, are you not?"

Oh, lord! She had started now and she would probably keep it up till two in the morning. There'd be screams and hysterics and a flinging of ornaments. And all he wanted was to be left in peace to think about Mavis.

He spoke wearily. "I tell you I'm tired. If you want a quarrel you must wait till to-morrow."

Two fat, stockinged feet thumped on the floor and her voice rose. "I will not wait. I've asked you a question. You are a kind, attentive husband, are you?"

"I try to be."

"An' you are faithful—yes?"

Cummins stared at her. Had she been hearing some thing?

"Of course I am."

"Of course I am!" she echoed. "An' I say of course you are not. I have been hearing things to-night. About you and that skinny little Miss Sutherland. Oh, you needn't deny it. Everyone in the station has been talking. How you dance with her, how you go with her everywhere. You big, fat rotter! Do you hear me? I say you are a big, fat rotter and a coward!"

She was pure native at that moment, her face dusky and her eyes rolling. As he looked at her Cummins felt his own rage seething up. But he controlled himself with an effort.

"Don't make such a noise. You don't want the servants to hear. And that's all nonsense about Miss Sutherland. Just station gossip. I've danced with her once or twice and that's all."

"Oh, you are a liar! A big, dirtee hypocrite, that is what you are. I tell you if you speak to her again I'll scratch her eyes out. Oh, yes, I will. I'll spit in her face on the club verandah and I'll tell her just what she is. A dirtee little thief who wants a verree good whipping. And I'll tell her—"

Her shrill, sing-song voice went on. Cummins sat down in a chair. He was telling himself he must keep his self-control. Presently the storm would blow itself out.

But what infernal luck she should have heard some gossip. Worse luck still that she should have taken it like this. One would almost think she was still in love with him to hear the way she was going on.

It didn't look as if she'd be willing to give him the divorce he hoped for. And then he heard her voice answering, as it were, his own thought.

"You'll never marry her. Nevaire, nevaire, nevaire as long as I'm alive. I'm not going to let that dirtee little snake—"

Snake! As she said that Cummins' eyes turned to the work-basket. It had suddenly flashed across his mind that here was a heaven-sent opportunity for ridding himself of his tormentor.

Murder! His mind recoiled from the idea. Holding as he did a theory that murderers were always found out, he was afraid.

But that was absurd. Not a living soul in the world except himself knew that there was a *krait* in that basket. And no one could ever prove that he had seen it go in.

The temptation was overwhelming. It wouldn't actually be murder, he told himself. It wasn't as though he had deliberately hidden the *krait* in the basket. And there was no certainty it would bite Lalla when she put her hand in.

He'd leave it to Fate. Yes, that was the thing to do. Say nothing, and if Fate intended his wife should be bitten and die—well, there it was. Just keeping your mouth shut didn't make you a murderer.

"Do you hear what I am saying?" Lalla screamed. "What is there to smile about? Do you know, I wish I could kill you dead!"

Cummins no longer felt angry. What did it matter what Lalla said or did, when the probabilities were that he would shortly be rid of her for ever?

He yawned and stood up. "No, I haven't listened to a word. You can scream yourself hoarse for all I care. I'm going to have a nightcap and then turn in."

He strolled over to the side-table. Behind him Lalla sprang to her feet. She was beside herself, half-mad with rage. Nothing but physical violence could satisfy her fury. She seized the first thing she saw and hurled it at her husband.

He swung round. He was in time to see the work-basket spinning through the air, but he was too late to dodge. It struck his leg, the little wicker hasp opened and the contents spilled about his feet. Cummins leapt as if it had been a bomb. He felt a sharp prick on the instep. The *krait*! He yelled aloud in horror.

It was as if a red-hot clamp were compressing his chest. He screamed, took two staggering paces and crashed on his face. As he did so, a tiny black snake darted away unnoticed and disappeared through a hole in the wainscoting.

Dr. Sleisman was very kind to the inconsolable widow. He assured her that what her husband had died of was heart failure due to shock, and that the tiny cut caused by a pair of scissors falling point first on his foot had had nothing whatsoever to do with his death.



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AN EMOLLIENT *double-duty* LIQUID CREAM FOR *Dry Skins*

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to stimulate and nourish the tissues, retain and even restore the delicate contours of youth. To keep the skin supple, smooth and clear.



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ANCIENT AND MODERN

A charming contrast is made by this picture of a very smart and up-to-the-moment-looking Riley 16-h.p. saloon outside a picturesquely bow-windowed old village shop, its windows filled with the higgledy-piggledy of "general trade." The Riley, apart from elegant looks, is a car of fine performance. With six cylinders and a capacity of 2½ litres, it is capable of well over 80 m.p.h. and will give a good 30 m.p.g. at cruising speeds of sixty and over—an important point in these rationed days.

Patriotism and Petrol.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen as to whether it is patriotic to motor in wartime in some cases. Private owners have been urged to use their cars as little as possible, and in consequence many have laid them up altogether. In this way they are told that they are assisting the national war effort. First they are releasing cargo space for other purposes, and, second, they are husbanding the nation's financial resources.

On the other hand, there are bodies like the Motor Trade War Executive, which represents the interests of the retail motor trade, that suggest that the country's efficiency suffers when a lot of cars are laid up. It is pointed out that tankers mostly transport crude oil, and that Pool petrol is only one of the products of its refinement. Incidentally, these tankers cannot be used for the transport of anything else but liquid fuel, and even if petrol economies in this country were so great that some could be laid up, all that would happen is that their crews would be transferred to other branches of the Mercantile Marine, fishing fleet, etc. A third point is that a considerable amount of fuel is produced in this country, notably from the shale deposits in the North, and that payment for this does not necessitate drawing on our foreign exchange. Lastly, it is stated that a motorist who licences his car and pays ninepence a gallon in fuel tax is making quite a worthwhile contribution to the national revenue.

In another quarter it was suggested that motorists had laid up their cars for patriotic reasons. And the theory was

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

then advanced that it would be more patriotic for them to bring them out, pay their fees and give some sort of encouragement to the thousands of garages and motor agencies now mouldering away through lack of patronage. My own view, however, is that most motorists laid up their cars not for reasons of patriotism, but for the sake of economy. The overhead charges for the small mileage the ration allowed them outweighed the pleasures and advantages that the use of the car offered. On the other hand, it is true that national efficiency suffers from the inability to use a car, which to-day is as essential a part of our life's furniture as electric light or a post-office pillar-box. For what happens is this. Everything you do that requires movement or transport takes much longer to accomplish. In a few days, for instance, I have to go to Scotch Corner to inspect a wonderful new hotel. In normal times I should motor up the 300 miles on one day, and return on the next. Now the job will take, by train, motor-coach and taxi, at least three days. So the loss in time is 33 per cent. Even take a small thing like going to the post, or shopping in the country. In the normal way one nips down in the car and back again in a few minutes. But now there's a mile walk in each direction, followed by a bus ride, and the morning's gone.

From the ordinary man's point of view, the garage situation is most puzzling. If the garages and service stations are in such a bad way, one would have imagined that, with the tremendous demand for skilled, or even semi-skilled, labour in all the Services, every single employee, from the managing director to the boy who serves the petrol, could have found useful and congenial employment. Why, even before the war, one frequently heard garagists themselves admit that there were far too many of them to make trade profitable. So that in wartime the superfluity must be still more pronounced, and the difficulty of them all making a living greatly intensified. From which it might be suggested that it would be far better from the national standpoint for some of them to get jobs in the Services, instead of waiting for the casual caller to have his tyres checked, or take in a few gallons of petrol. That, of course, refers to the men of serviceable age. The case is different for the older men, whose services do not seem to be appreciated at the moment. And, anyway, the whole subject of whether it is right to motor is so complex, and calls up so many quite sane but, at the same time, differing points of view, that until the authorities produce a "Code of Wartime Conduct" it had better be left at that. For, when all's said and done, it's mostly a case of *chacun à son conscience*.

Why the Roads Crack.

In certain parts of the country, heavy and prolonged frost will cause sections of road to expand, crack and tend to disintegrate. You may wonder how this comes about when the surface is supposed to be waterproof. Well, a deep frost will penetrate a foot into the earth and then freeze the moisture which is always latent there. The moisture expands in the process, and cracking is the result.

Holidays in Prohibited Areas.

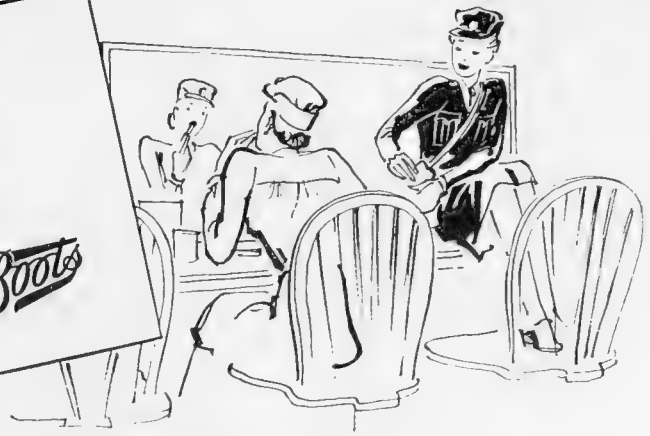
Because you have read that the North and North-West of Scotland have been made a prohibited area, don't imagine that you won't be allowed to holiday there for fishing, walking and riding. The hotels are open as usual, and all you've got to do is to write a fortnight or so before your visit for form D.R.7, to be obtained from the Military Permit Offices at 25, Dartmouth Street, London; 5, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh; or 200, Broomielaw, Glasgow. Then, if you're not one of Lord Haw-Haw's secret agents, you'll get your permit, and presumably have to produce it on demand. In general, you can take it that the authorities wish to interfere as little as possible either with your legitimate activities or the businesses of the hotels.



Russell

AIR MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM MITCHELL

The Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Royal Air Force, Middle East, has been an airman ever since he was seconded from the H.L.I. to the old R.F.C. as long ago as 1913. He saw service throughout the last war and in two Waziristan campaigns after the Armistice. He went to his present vital post from the Air Ministry, where he was for two years Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council



● She hasn't said goodbye to beauty although she has exchanged the wheel of her sports model for the wheel of an ambulance. She finds that Number Seven Beauty Preparations are equal to the occasion, too, conserving her loveliness with little trouble and at low cost. Just as she herself is doing all and more than was expected, so these famous aids to beauty are doing all that she expects of preparations with Boots' fifty years' experience to commend them. ●

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ROUGE, ROUGE CREAM, EYE SHADOW AND
EYELASH COSMETIQUE. ALL IN MANY SHADES.

butterfly at the wheel



ett.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



THE centre model recalls the affairs that the Empress Eugénie loved, lace and ribbons are employed for decorative purposes. It is felt which makes the black "topper" on the right, white jersey pierces the crown and forms a snood, tiny bows add to its charm

SPRING flowers are in the hedge-rows and gardens and the loveliest of spring hats have appeared in the Fenwick salons, 62-63 New Bond Street. It is there that those illustrated may be seen. The newest version of the "pouffe" is pictured on the left



SWIFTLY has the spring sunshine succeeded the winter swinds. The skin has suffered from the attentions of the latter and needs soothing, softening and whitening. Larola will accomplish this; it is sold everywhere at 1s. 6d. a bottle. It should be used before and after going out. A piece of cotton wool steeped in it should be lightly passed over the face, and any superfluous matter removed with a tissue. Furthermore, it is absolutely indispensable in the nursery

REALLY charming are the summer frocks made of Courtauld's "Tested-Quality" rayon. It is a fabric that wears remarkably well, ever retaining its pristine freshness. The colour schemes are very lovely. In some, pastel shades predominate, while in others it is gay colours which attract the eye. Glowing red and white are present in the gayly printed afternoon dress on the right of the group, while navy blue decorates the white frock on the left

Pictures by Blake

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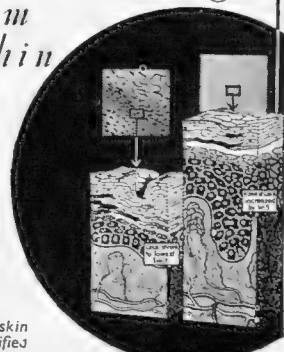
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SKIN springs
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Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, inactive cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue; increased rows of growing cells; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



THE words "tailored suit" mean many different things to many people, but those built by Nicolls of 120 Regent Street, signify perfection in every detail. The cut is of exalted merit and the materials are admirable. Below may be seen a coat and skirt in Glenurquhart check for £5 19s. 6d. The scheme is completed with a hat of felt with contrasting quill for 25s. Too much cannot be said in favour of the travel coat, and although it is of llama, it is only 6½ guineas. It is light in weight, double-breasted, and the wide becoming revers may be buttoned up to the neck

THERE is something particularly appealing to the outdoor girl in the Gala Lipstick and Powder, a glamour which acts as a mental tonic. The lipstick illustrated is in a fluted silvered case and costs 2s. 6d. It has a creamy olive-oil base and is made in all fashionable shades. The powder also has an olive-oil base, while the box is arranged with a special non-spill device

EACH season women eagerly await the arrival of the footwear at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, and this season, they have beaten their own high record. A trio of them find pictorial expression on the right below. There is the sports shoe, available in crocodile, calf or suède. Then there is a model for wearing with summer frocks, and below is a raffia high cork shoe for the beach



Pictures by Blake



Once, health was a gift of a life uncomplicated by nervous storms and crises. To-day, when our nerves are subject to daily attack, we must turn to Science for aid. Read how an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food restores Nature's balance and renews worn nerves.

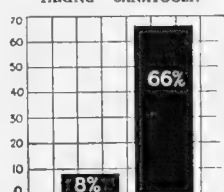
How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

The modern doctor makes no mystery of medical science. Proud as he is of its achievements he freely admits its limitations. If this 'war of nerves' had him beaten, he would say so. But experience and experiment have convinced him that almost any form of nerve ravage can be repaired by adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. That is why he unhesitatingly recommends 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food which he knows to contain these two precious elements in their most easily assimilable forms. 25,000 doctors have praised 'Sanatogen' in writing because it works naturally and scientifically in renewing worn nerves and building resistance to ordinary ailments and infection. Just as they recognise 'Genasprin' as the most efficacious of all brands of pain relievers, so do they acknowledge 'Sanatogen' as the finest Nerve-Tonic Food.

During the last war, a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves". It is even more of a necessity to-day. You and your family should start an eight weeks' course *now*. It will build up your resistance against infection—give you brimming confidence and new vitality. Buy a family jar from any chemist.

PROOF that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy. A group of eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a fortnight's course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. In this case 66% of their energy remained. This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives you 58% more energy.

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Saturday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at Winchester Cathedral between Mr. George David Petherick, 3rd Hussars, elder son of Captain G. Gerald Petherick and Lady Jeane Petherick, of The Mill House, St. Cross, Winchester, and Miss Evelyn Nancy Bell, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, of Fota Island, Cobh, Co. Cork.

Next

Tuesday's
Wedding.

The marriage will take place next Tuesday in Westminster Abbey between the Hon. George D. Milne, R.A., only son of Field Marshal Lord Milne, and Lady

Miss Cicely A. Leslie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Leslie.

* * *

Next Wednesday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place next Wednesday at St. Peter's and St. George's Church, Charing Cross, Glasgow, between Mr. Archy Birkmyre, younger son of the late Sir Archibald Birkmyre, Bt., C.B.E., and Anne, Lady Birkmyre, of Dalmunzie, Glenshee, Perthshire, and Miss Doreen Barclay, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barclay, 36 Berkeley Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow.

Saturday Week's Weddings.

The marriage will take place at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, on Saturday week between Mr. Patrick Magor Leatham and the Hon. Cecily Berry. The marriage will also take place on the same day at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Mr. William Harradine Mason, R.A., and Miss Felicity Mary Rigg.

* * *

Weddings Abroad.

The marriage will take place on May 2, at Kalimpong, Bengal, between Mr. John Andrew Watt, Royal Garhwal Rifles, only son of Mr. James Watt, C.M.G. and the late Lilian Verelst Watt, of Whiteleaf, Berkhamsted, and Miss Mary Constantia Patterson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Patterson, of Kalimpong. The marriage will take place in April in New York between Mr. Douglas Montague Temple Gairdner, M.R.C.P., youngest son of the late Canon Temple Gairdner, of Cairo, and of Mrs. Temple Gairdner, of Heathercot, Brasted Chart, Kent, and Miss Ann Helen James, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Godfrey James, of Upwood Park, Abingdon, Berks.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Brigadier Douglas Stewart Davidson, D.S.O., M.C., and Miss Lillias Mary Steele.



Catherine Bell
MISS JOAN SHIRLEY BLACKMAN

Younger daughter of Captain C. M. Blackman, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Blackman, of 14 Milner Street, S.W.3, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Jocelyn Arthur Persse, The Rifle Brigade, younger son of the late Major W. A. Persse, R.A., of Roxborough, Co. Galway, and of Mrs. Dowell, The Flower Patch, Sunningdale, Berks

Miss Cicely A. Leslie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Leslie.

* * *



Joan Gardiner
MISS VALERIE FLEWITT

Youngest daughter of Doctor and Mrs. C. Y. Flewitt, of Beaulieu, West Overcliff Drive, Bournemouth, whose engagement is announced to Mr. T. P. Fellowes, Irish Guards, younger son of Major and Mrs. Halford Fellowes, of Tennerden, Kent



Hav Wrightson
MISS PIXIE PEASE

Only daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorkshire, whose engagement is announced to Flying Officer Patrick Claude Hannay, Auxiliary Air Force, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hannay, of Villa Solidor, Dinard

Miss Mary Constantia Patterson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Patterson, of Kalimpong. The marriage will take place in April in New York between Mr. Douglas Montague Temple Gairdner, M.R.C.P., youngest son of the late Canon Temple Gairdner, of Cairo, and of Mrs. Temple Gairdner, of Heathercot, Brasted Chart, Kent, and Miss Ann Helen James, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Godfrey James, of Upwood Park, Abingdon, Berks.

* * *

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Ramp-heeled shoe, in original colour combinations. Light-weight, and as comfortable as they're smart. Black suede and patent, tan calf and coral calf, pearl grey kid and red suede. Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. 59/6.

(Left)

Ramp-heeled mule slipper. Rich fabrics—velvet and satin with gold or silver kid bows. Royal blue velvet with pink satin, mauve with mauve, pink with blue, wine with wine, red with royal blue. Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. 39/6.

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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



MISS SONIA DENISON
SERVING IN THE V.A.D.

Dorothy Wilding



ENGAGED: MR. F. N. P. OSBORNE
AND MISS R. E. YOUNG

Lenore



MRS. RICHARD DREYER
BUSY WAR WORKING

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Sonia Denison, busy like so many more doing her bit for her country, is the daughter of Captain E. C. Denison, R.N., and Mrs. Denison. Miss Young's engagement to Mr. Osborne, Grenadier Guards, was announced quite recently and the wedding it is stated will take place very shortly. Mrs. Richard Dreyer, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Richard Dreyer, R.N., who is loaned to the Australian Navy, flew home from Australia the day war was declared and has since been doing canteen work and entertainments for the troops. She shortly goes to Paris to work at Lady Moore-Guggisbery's (Decima Moore) Leave Club

TO AVOID Pain and discomfort AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread mealtimes, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?

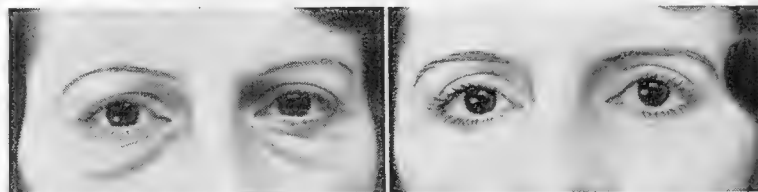
If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

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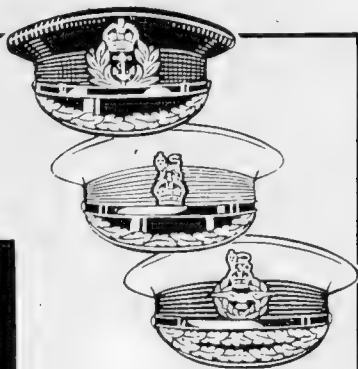
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which exerts a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral and mental welfare of the young.

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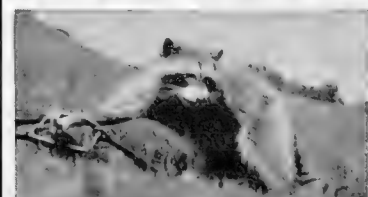


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"How can any woman wear a trapped fur knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade and Human Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Ads. MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wapenam, Towcester



CH. JEREMIE OF STILLINGFLEET
(RED CROSS COLLECTOR)

Property of Mrs. Murray Wilson

expect and, when reared, are very little trouble, but, of course, do take some rearing. Labradors and Golden Retrievers make the most satisfying of companions, as they are dignified, quiet and most intelligent. Then one's individual taste comes in. It is certainly best to have a breed you fancy yourself. As regards intelligence I always think much more depends on the owner than is generally suspected. Some people always have intelligent dogs, and most dogs have dormant intelligence. When people are always saying of their dogs, "He is such a fool," I suspect the fault is with the master, not with the dog.

Those of us who know Ch. Jeremie of Stillingfleet in the show ring will be interested to see him in another rôle, that of a Red Cross collector. This is to be his war work, and he has been most successful so far. Unluckily, Mrs. Murray Wilson had a bad fall on the slippery roads and broke her wrist badly, so Jeremie has had temporarily to retire, but only for a short time. Mrs. Murray Wilson says "He is such a good, patient worker." If any one feels inclined to send anything to him

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I am sometimes asked to advise as to the choice of a dog. This is impossible unless you know the circumstances. Roughly, for any one who takes long country walks, Spaniels or any of the Terriers; for ordinary life and walks, any of the moderate-sized breeds; Chows and French Bulldogs are specially suitable for town life. Then there are the small breeds; these are most adaptable but naturally would not be suited to a rough existence. There are also the very large breeds. These take up much less room than you would

it will be gratefully received and he and his mistress hope soon to be at work again. Poodles are so marvellously intelligent he will certainly realize what he is doing.

Pugs have quite come back into favour; why they ever went out is one of those things no one can tell. They are ideal house dogs, clean, affectionate, well behaved, and not too exacting in the matter of exercise. The photograph is of a great celebrity: Mrs. Swainston Goodger's Ch. Thundercloud. Thundercloud is not yet three years old and has beaten every Pug he has met. His last win before the war was his fifth certificate and best of breed at Richmond in July. He holds the record above any other living Pug for having achieved his championship status in the shortest time. He was a



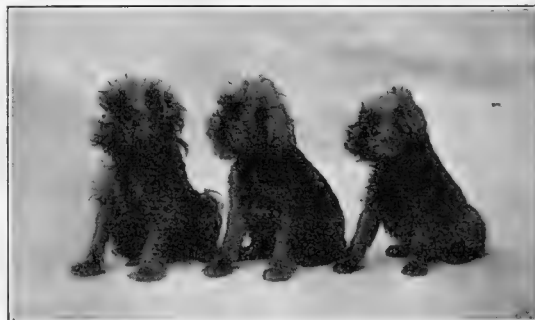
CH. THUNDERCLOUD OF SWAINSTON

Property of Mrs. Swainston Goodger

champion when only just fourteen months old; having won his first certificate at Cruft's when still a puppy and the International Toy-dog Bowl for best Toy. This is a grand record. Thundercloud was bred by his owner and no wonder she is proud of him.

Every one will sympathize with Mrs. Ionides at the destruction by fire of her home, Buxted Park. There was deep snow at the time, so very little could be done, and not only was the house burnt, but part of the wonderful and quite irreplaceable collection of china, pictures, and furniture. Luckily, the kennels are some way from the house, so escaped. Mrs. Ionides's kennel of Poodles and Griffons is well known. She has Griffons of both colours and coats. The photograph is of an entrancing family of black Griffons; they make the most delightful companions.

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.



THREE BLACK GRIFFON PUPPIES

Property of Mrs. Ionides

ROUNABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor earnestly appeal for a very superior old lady living in a Somerset town, who can no longer continue her work as a companion-housekeeper, as she must wait still longer before a further operation for cataract can be performed. She is very frail, but still hopes to work again presently in spite of the fact that she is nearly seventy. After her rent is paid she has only 8s. 6d. left for all living expenses. The Friends of the Poor have been allowing her 2s. 6d. a week and want to continue this small sum for twelve months. £6 10s

Lady Kinross, whose artistic talents are well known, is holding an exhibition of her paintings, mainly landscapes in oils, at the Matthiesen Gallery in Bond Street on April 3. Some of these pictures have been painted at her studio at her house in Maida Vale, but most of them out of doors in the south of France, where Lady Kinross's mother, Mrs. George Culme-Seymour lives.

The 1940 edition of "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage," which was published on March 15, is very simple in form, a straight alphabetical order throughout, and omits the collateral branches of the noble families, contenting itself with including all in direct line to succession to each title. It contains accurate and up-to-date tables of precedence



THE HON. MRS. DUDLEY DE
LEVINGE AND HER TWO CHILDREN

Lord and Lady Greenwood's beautiful elder daughter was married in 1937, and her husband is a kinsman of Sir Malcolm de Levinge, who has held so many important public offices. The elder child is Venetia, who was born in 1938, and the boy, Edward Michael Hamar. Lord Greenwood is the former Sir Hamar Greenwood, and was created a viscount in 1937

and succession. Perhaps the most important point is that the price (25s. net,) has not been increased

On March 5 the Lord Mayor of Red Cross and St. John Fund for the Sick and Wounded in the War rose to £1,193,000.

For the Red Cross sale which is to take place at Christie's in the spring the King is to give some signed proofs of royal book-plates including the excessively rare book plate in the royal library showing the cipher of King Edward VII of which only fifty examples were printed.

In addition the King intends to offer from the royal library a rare plaster model called "a conversation between Prince Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, and his cousin, Prince William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, 1832."

In the press of so many things that demand our sympathy, it is not well that the claims of our poorest and most martyred ally, Poland, should be forgotten. It is because the needs of the suffering Poles have receded a little into the background of late, that Mrs. Eugene Bolton and Lady Fletcher have hit upon the idea of holding a *Thé Dansant* for the Polish Relief Fund, on April 11th. Madame Alice Delysia has consented to act as hostess. The takings on this occasion will be earmarked for the relief of those Polish refugees who made their way to Hungary—and the *Thé Dansant* will therefore take place at the Hungaria Restaurant. Tickets are only 7s. 6d.



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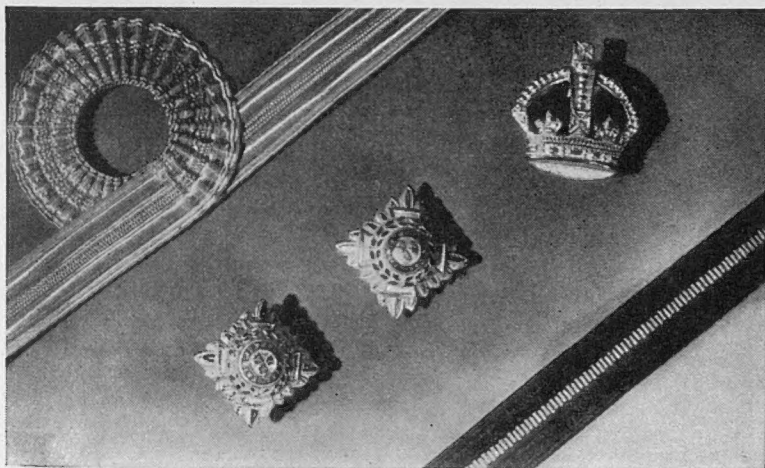
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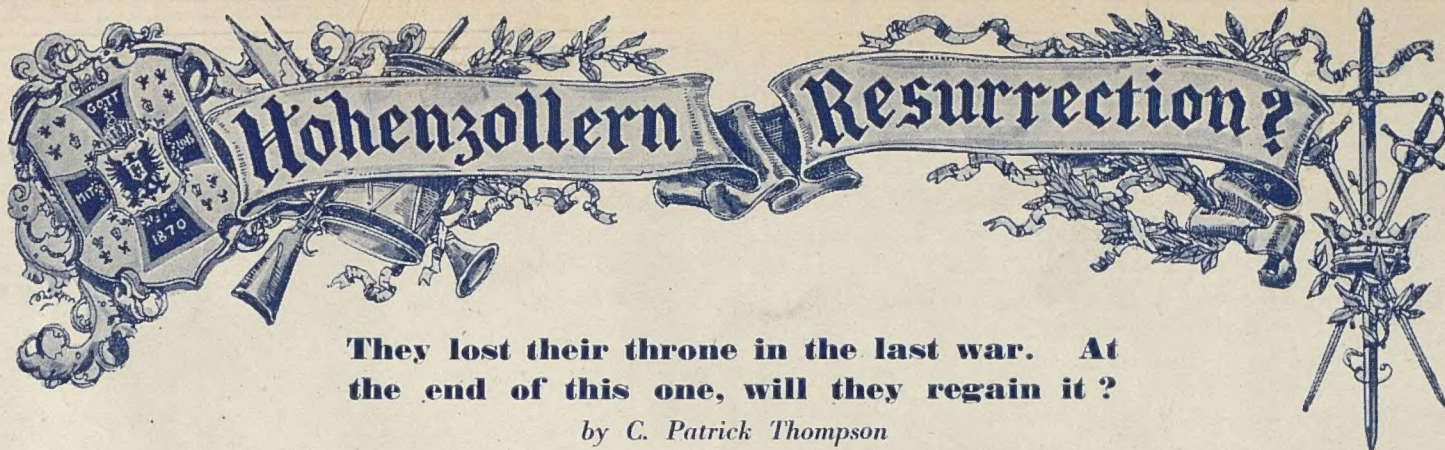
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They lost their throne in the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

by C. Patrick Thompson

"THE Hohenzollerns are dead—long live the Hohenzollerns. Look! The next King of Prussia."

It was the girl who had drawn my eye—a tanned, slim girl with a dancer's walk, blonded hair, and a gay eye. At my companion's remark I withdrew my glance and looked for a thin figure with pouched blue eyes in a parrot face under a thick thatch of pale swept-back hair: the familiar face of the ex-Kaiser's eldest son.

"No, there, with the girl."

Then I looked back and saw that the girl's escort was a tall young man with full soft lips, rounded chin, the blue Guelphic eye set in a wide socket, smooth hair parted low at the side and brushed back. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

"And the next Queen of Prussia?" I suggested, watching with interest their progress under a *maitre's* guidance to a corner table across the dance floor of the Casanova. My companion laughed. "Who, then?" He shrugged. "Nobody I know. A girl of the theatre, I expect. He is young, you know."

A fat, green bottle of champagne was screwed into the ice in front of them. The waiter scooped caviare out of a full can. They rose and took the floor. He danced with a smooth ease. No one in the crowd paid any attention to them.

"The Hohenzollerns' best bet," said my friend, watching them thoughtfully. A Ruhr industrialist's son, detached from politics, he voiced a view which one often heard in Germany in those 1932-1933 days, when the monarchy topic was always cropping up.

A little later, Germans did not talk any more in public places about the Hohenzollerns' best bet, or about the Hohenzollerns at all. Nor did the Hohenzollerns themselves discuss their political chances. It was too dangerous.

In June, 1934, on mere suspicion of being involved with General von Schleicher in a plot involving a monarchical restoration, Franz von Papen was held by the *Schupo* under house arrest, and came close to sharing the fate of his adjutants, and General von Schleicher, all assassinated by Goering's *Feldpolizei*. Even "Auwi," Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, a Nazi of old standing (the only Hohenzollern to wear the Nazi brown shirt), a Reichstag deputy, and a S.A. brigade leader, was pulled out of his Potsdam villa, and narrowly escaped joining the rows of suspect S.A. leaders who were being shot down in batches against the wall of the Lichtenfeld S.S. barracks by execution squads of the black-uniformed regime guards.

Auwi satisfied Goering that he had no part in the Roehm-Schleicher conspiracy. "Take Auwi away," said Goering at last. "He's too stupid to have had anything to do with these things."

Pictures of five, seven, nine years ago! Events move fast under the Nazi dynamism, and once again the Hohenzollerns are in the picture. They lost their throne at the end of the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

At first glance the very idea has a dream-like quality. But it is being discussed in chancellories, in royalist circles in many

countries, in the entourages of the ex-kings and ex-ruling princes, among revolutionaries both Right and Left, in Foreign Offices and embassies, in the cafés and back-street hotels where secret service agents rendezvous. The topic revolves, of course, around the question: after Hitler, what, and whom?

A tentative answer to that question has already been provided in a report discussed in the French and neutral Press.

... you will want to read the whole of this fine article ... which will help you to answer the question all Europe is asking: if Hitler resigns, who will succeed him?

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